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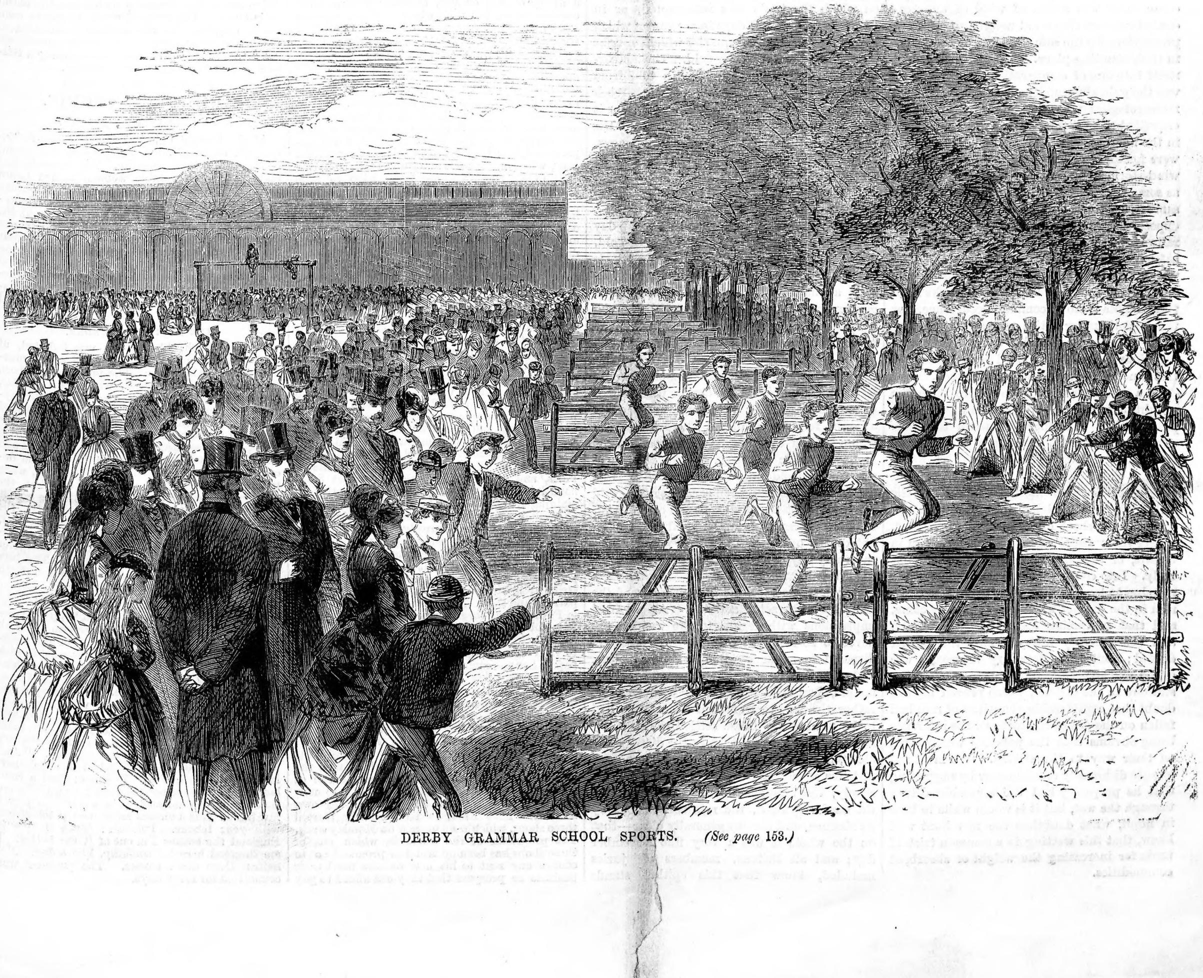
WANTED, A WEATHER LAWYER.

There is a capital opening for any active and intelligent young man of business habits, and possessing a smattering of scientific knowledge, to constitute himself a professional clerk of the weather, or a counselling meteorologist, or a referee in matters atmospheric. The exact title is of no great importance, though perhaps the second we have suggested would be the best, because it represents most nearly the nature of the business he should aim at creating, which would be to collect from every part of the kingdom all possible information bearing upon the daily condition of the weather, for the purpose of communicating it—whenever and wherever necessary—to persons who may, for interest or curiosity, demand it. His stock-in-trade should be the various registers of meteorological data that are periodically published; and he should be assiduous in searching through the proceedings of local clubs and societies, and clipping from the country newspapers everything relating to thermometric and barometric conditions of the air, to winds, rains, frosts, snows, lightings, and hailstorms. He should, as far as possible, make himself acquainted with the climates of foreign countries, and their favourable or unfavourable condition for the location of invalids in search of particular temperatures.

The reader may ask, what will all this knowledge avail: how is the intelligent weather clerk to profit by it? To which we answer that his return is to be obtained from the thousand and one enquirers who are constantly wanting to know some dictum or other concerning the ever-changing weather. If you doubt whether there are such hosts of querists, just reflect for a moment upon the stupendous consequences which may follow from even a small variation of any meteorological element. Think of the effects that have followed from the wind blowing a railway truck from a siding upon a traffic line: remember what you have read of the evils of a river fog: consider the numerous injuries brought about by a snow-storm, or a severe frost: bear in mind the damage that is caused by a heavy fall of rain. All these are sources of accident and offences that bring about disputes between individuals that have frequently to be settled at law, and then somebody is wanted to give the best evidence possible upon the accident of weather which caused the injury. It may be said that there are existing offices for the collection of meteorological data—there is the Fitrzoy department of the Board of Trade; and there is the Registrar General, who issues a weekly and a quarterly weather report; and there are observatories which make and societies which collect and publish atmospheric observations. But then these are not accessible for evidence in special cases. The government officers cannot interfere with the differences of private individuals, and the bodies or individuals who pursue or encourage meteorological investigations for scientific ends will not be bothered with them. So a commercial meteorologist is a public need as a limb of the law and a peacemaker. If once he were established there would doubtless be plenty of applications to



DERBY GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS. *(See page 153.)*

him for assistance and advice in matters not disputational. The manufacturer of goods for foreign markets frequently wants to know the range of temperature in certain countries, and the months of greatest heat and cold, that he may prepare and ship his merchandise at seasonable times. The trader, or the agent, or the official hieing to a far land desires to be informed beforehand of its climatic features, that he may be guided in estimating his fitness for them and in making the preparations needful to meet their exigencies. The invalid we have touched upon: he frequently wants to pick out a spot in his own country where a particular temperature or a greater or less humidity prevails, or he may require special information upon accessible localities of certain climatic nature beyond his own shores. The engineer who is preparing to supply a town or district with water, or to carry out a scheme of drainage, requires as bases for his calculations the average rainfall per year in the locality and the greatest fall that ever occurs at one time. For all of these matters the consulting meteorologist would doubtless be applied to, if he could be found.

We have not been imagining cases of enquiry. In intercourse with meteorological observers we have frequently heard of their being strongly pressed to give evidence on the point above touched upon. If every observatory and society were to make known the applications it has received, our suggestion would have volumes of instances to support it. But it is not to be expected that every institution can so disclose its affairs. The Secretary of one, however, the Scottish Meteorological Society, has taken the pains to string together for the edification of his members a few of the more striking cases that have come before him in the course of the past few years. Independently of the manner in which they substantiate our proposition for a consultee, some of these are worth reading as illustrations of our dependence upon the smiles or frowns of the weather-gods.

To take a wind-case. Some years back some railway trucks were blown off a siding and down an incline, up which a passenger train presently came. Of course there was a severe accident; lives were lost, and limbs were broken. Then came the inevitable lawsuits for damages. The Company's solicitor argued that the defendants were not liable, as the accident could not have been prevented, because there was a gale of wind of unprecedented violence that set at nought all ordinary precautions for the safe retention of the trucks in their standing-place. The question resolved itself into one of comparative meteorology—was the gale abnormally violent or not? The meteorologists were appealed to, and they consulted their archives for observations made in the neighbourhood of the accident. Some were found, and they agreed in defining the wind-storm as an ordinary one, not so violent as some that had occurred previously in the same season, and only such as might be often expected during any winter. So clearly the railway people had not made provision for safety under ordinary circumstances, and they were held responsible for their negligence. It would seem that this blowing of trucks from their depôts is no uncommon occurrence, for the Society under notice was soon again applied to to settle whether the wind or some malicious person had moved some carriages: this time, however, no accident ensued.

In a rain-case that came before them the weight of a quantity of potatoes was the disputed point. A farmer sold them to a merchant in Edinburgh, agreeing to cart them to the nearest railway station and there weigh them. This he did, and charged the weight thus ascertained to the merchant; but the latter, when he reweighed them in Edinburgh, found them short of the quantity charged. Either the "fruit" must have been stolen in transit, or the farmer's weight was taken untruly. Into court the parties went, and the merchant pleaded that there had been much rain in the district whence the potatoes came, and that in carting them they had got wet, and consequently heavy. This the farmer denied; but the Secretary aforesaid was called, and he produced returns from observing stations in the district, which proved beyond doubt that considerable quantities of rain had fallen on the day of the cartage, the inference being obvious that the potatoes were wetted on their way to the station. We must not impute dishonesty to the farmer by suggesting that he purposely had the vegetables driven through the wet, but it is worth while to bear in mind, what doubtless the merchant well knew, that this wetting is a common trick of trade for increasing the weight of absorbent commodities.

Sometimes the consultation with the weatherwise ones leads to settlement of a dispute without law, the weakness of the case on either side being made apparent. It was thus on one occasion when a question was asked whether rain fell on a certain day a few summers ago. The matter at issue was between a house agent and a tenant. A ceiling was damaged by wet through unsoundness in the roof of a house. The agent disputed the fall of rain on a particular day—a critical one for his responsibility; but before trying to carry his point by law he had the wisdom to pop the qeustion, when, receiving answer that "several showers had fallen in the course of the day;" he thought it better to meet his tenant otherwise.

A snow-case was similarly settled out of court. A merchant sent perishable goods in large quantity by rail to a distant town. The railway company was bound to deliver them to the consignees without delay, except from unforeseen accident. Two days elapsed before they came to hand and then they were utterly unsaleable. Of course the dealer claimed damages for the detention, which the company refused, pleading that a heavy fall of snow blocked up the streets so that their vans could not take the goods from the station, that two days passed before the streets were cleared, and that then the delivery immediately followed. As no snow had fallen in the dealer's neighbourhood he distrusted this statement, and was about to invoke a judge or jury when he called at the Society's office, there to learn that the company's statements were perfectly correct. There is something very "canny" in this notion of sounding your opponent's case before you go to law with him. A pity it is not oftener resorted to!

Let a bleacher and a coke-maker be neighbours, and they will be in a state of chronic squabble. Put them half a mile apart, and they will be quarrelsome or quiet according as the wind veers. All may be calm so long as it blows the coke-maker's smoke and smuts away from the bleacher, but look out for squalls when it takes an opposite course. A lawsuit came out of a difference thus engendered, and compensation was claimed for the injuries done to the trade of the man of cleanliness by that of the man of dirt. The fact of injury was indisputable, but the question was the assessment of the remuneration. The only guide would be the number of days in a year on which the trade was interrupted, or in effect the number of days in a year on which the wind blew from the quarter which brought the smoke over the bleach-field. The meteorological witness was called. He told from neighbouring registries how the weathercock stood day by day, and how often in a year it pointed towards the coke-oven flues. His evidence no doubt fixed the scale of damages, though in this part of the affair we have no interest.

The serious and the ludicrous often tread on each other's heels. The idea of sending an aged relative out for a walk on a damp day in the hope that he may take a fatal cold, and that you may come into his property, is fit for a comedy writer or even a farcist. But such a charge was actually preferred. A gentleman of infirm mind and body was boarded with some friends, who were enjoined by the doctor on no account to let him walk out in cold or wet weather, his complaint being such that exposure to damp chills would be fatal. One November day he was allowed to wander forth for an airing; and shortly after he fell ill and died. The friends with whom he had been placed thereby succeeded to considerable property, to the chagrin of some of the old gentleman's relatives, who declared that he had been sent out in the cold purposely that he might catch a cold. Amicable arrangement between rival heirs being out of the question, to law they went about the rainy day, for of course the whole issue turned upon the question whether the date upon which he took his last walk was of the unhealthy character asserted. As personal impressions with regard to the weather are never to be relied on—albeit some folks are disposed to swear by them—thermometers, and barometers, anemometers and pluviometers, had to be called as witnesses, or rather the registers of their indications had to be produced. Those settled the case, by incontestibly proving that in the district the old gentleman perambulated, and for a good distance round, the barometer was high and steady, the temperature above the average, the wind very light, the rain conspicuous by its absence, and the sky generally clear—that on the whole it was a very fine November day; and all Britons, members of juries included, know that this epithet stands for something invigorating and enjoyable.

But in the multitude of examples there is tediousness. We could instance half-a-dozen cases; but they would not enforce our point farther than the above specimens. These amply prove the rationality of our suggestion, and we wish him well who acts upon it.

THE LINENDRAPERS' STRIKE IN PARIS.

There is a strike just now in Paris among the linendrapers which is worthy of more attention than it has received in this country.

The men on strike (says the *Times*) are inadequately described as linendrapers. They belong to what are called in Paris *magasins de nouveautés*, in which are to be found every species of woven fabric, both as it comes from the loom and as worked into articles for use,—shops where one can buy carpets, curtains, shawls, silks, satins, woollens, calico, lace, ribands, net, parasols, and myriads of things besides. These shops in Paris are large and important, are scattered all over the town, and generally adopt some name which is not that of the proprietor. Such shops are known in London as Marshall and Snelgrove's, Shoolbred's, and so forth; in Paris they are known as the Magasins de la Paix, La Maison de Nouveautés aux Trois Quartiers, and the like. They have an immense stock of goods, and a correspondingly large establishment of men and women to look after it. In some the chief business is done very early; in others very late. In the evening the Boulevards are lit up with a blaze from the windows of Le Trois Quartiers, La Compagnie Lyonnaise, and the like. These shops, which in all quarters and at all hours give much life to the Paris streets, are the great *magasins de nouveautés*, dealing, as the name suggests, in the new fashions and all the novelties of wearing apparel.

The business in these establishments, being of enormous variety, is divided into sections. Here is a section devoted to shawls, another to curtains, a third to linen, and so on. Each has a staff of men to look after it, who, if they are not hard at work all the day, yet are obliged to be at their posts for very many hours—15 hours a day. Their lot in other respects is not very brilliant, but much, of course, depends upon the character of the house in which they are engaged. Frequently they board and lodge in the house, and their style of living in some cases may be gathered from the boast which the proprietor of one establishment made the other day—namely, that his assistants cost him for their keep at the rate of 9d. a day each. It should be added, however, that this is an unfavourable example, and the young men fare a good deal better in other houses. In the larger shops, a beginner receives £12 a year in addition to board and lodging, and often he makes £10 more in Christmas-boxes and other ways. After years of toil in folding up the goods exhibited by his superiors, the youth becomes a man, and is appointed to the post of under-salesman, in which character he will earn a salary of £40 or £50, together with a small commission on his sales which may add another £30 to his income; but as a rule he no longer receives bed and board from the house. If he reaches the rank of first salesman in his section, his salary will be from £50 to £60, which he may double by commissions on his sales. Should ambition carry our friend further he may become first or second buyer for his department. This is a great office—to buy the goods the younger men have to sell; and it requires great shrewdness and experience. The buyer is chief of the department, and he has a fixed salary of say £100 a year, with commissions according to the importance of his shop, varying from £160 to £320 a year.

Now nearly every trade in France forms itself into a union, which is called the Chambre Syndicate. There is a Syndicate of Masters or Patrons, and there is a Syndicate of Assistants. The Syndicate of the Linendrapers' Assistants has become very powerful, and able to protect its members from the tyranny of any unreasonable master. The objects of the strike are threefold—a reduction of the 15 hours of labour, an improvement in the food of those who receive board, and an increase of wages. The chief point, however, is the reduction of time.

The Syndicate of Masters having refused the requests of the assistants the latter struck; the masters were no less determined, and agreed that the first who yielded to the demands of the men should pay a forfeit of £2,000. Several meetings were held; example was contagious; in a week many of them had deserted; and now there is a list of twenty-two leading firms in which the chiefs of divisions have joined the strike. There are said to be 12,000 linendrapers' assistants in Paris, and of these it is calculated that 8,000 have joined the strike. To account for the remaining 4,000, it should be stated that a number of houses at once yielded to the demands of the men, and that some scarcely even required to yield, for they were already sufficiently liberal to their assistants. There are some houses in which not only the assistants but also the masters, or patrons, as they are called, sympathized with the strike from the first and lent it aid. Thus the patrons and the men employed in the Magasin de la Paix—a very large shop behind the Bourse—have subscribed 1,200f. to the strike.

The help which the masters expected in answer to their advertisements in the provincial newspapers has not come in to anything like the extent which was required.

The strike, however, has now taken a new turn, and a most important one; and if the scheme on foot be carried out, it will not only have a wonderful effect in Paris, but will, by the force of example, bear fruit in the other great cities of Europe. Very many of the assistants who have struck have altogether abandoned the idea of returning to their former masters or of consenting to any reconciliation, and are now preparing to set up in business on their own account. They have, in fact, already started three shops, which were opened on Monday week. The proprietor of the house in which one of these shops has been opened has promised not to charge any rent to his new tenants until their business so prospers that they can afford to pay it. Several of the largest manufacturers have offered their goods on credit; it is said that a large financial company has offered the assistants a loan of £20,000; while the Syndicate has formed the project of a great co-operative company. This company is to have a capital of a million francs, which will be raised by the issue of shares, to be bought only by the assistants, and of debentures, which may be sold to the public at large. An Englishman, whose name is given as Mr. Ernest Brelay, of Manchester, has tendered the most energetic assistance to the strike, subscribing considerably to the company proposed by the Syndicate, and offering them a shop free of charge.

Our Illustration represents a large body of assistants leaving the Magasin du Louvre.

A PRUSSIAN REVIEW.

In the month of June last, King William of Prussia delighted his people by going amongst them and giving them an opportunity—which many had probably never had before—of becoming acquainted with their ruler in his own person. The immediate cause of his Majesty's tour was the completion of a canal upon a very large scale, which the King inaugurated amidst general rejoicings, His Majesty's journey was marked by a series of fêtes in those parts of the kingdom through which he passed; and not the least important, certainly not the least attractive, was a review in the neighbourhood of Bremen of the troops in honour of the King's presence. This event we illustrate in a double-page Engraving in this week's Number. The artist has selected for his picture the most stirring scene of the review—viz. the grand charge of cavalry and the formation of squares by the infantry to receive them. The cavalry, in their burnished helmets and cuirasses, glittering accoutrements, swords gleaming in the sunshine, their horses mad with the excitement of the mimic fray, which indeed looks terribly real; the bombardment of the enemy by the force stationed on the top of the hill; the smoke-wreaths enveloping some of the troops; the infantry fixing bayonets; and the incessant fusillade kept up by the riflemen—all these constitute a most animated and picturesque scene, and just such an one as any artist would love to sketch. Those who have attended reviews in Hyde Park, or have assisted at the volunteer gatherings which occasionally take place at Birmingham, Nottingham, Worcester, and other Midland towns, will have vivid remembrances of the embarrassments arising from a sudden change in the movements of the troops—how one is cut off from the friends who are carrying the refreshments incidental to a day's outing, and surrounded by excited volunteers in less time than it takes to describe. This is what occurred to the Pickwickians at the famous review at Rochester; and a similar occurrence is depicted in our Illustration of the Prussian review. An elderly gentleman, who apparently considers with Mrs. Gamp that an umbrella is an indispenable companion at a military gathering, has come to grief most unmistakeably in his innocence or heedlessness of the danger of getting too close to the troops. In his hurry to get out of the way of the advancing cavalry, who are charging full upon him, as he in his terror thinks, he has fallen down, and expresses by his face the alarm he is under. The universality of Dickens's wonderful creation receives another illustration at the hands of our artist; for the two gentlemen on the right of the picture are certainly a German Pickwick and a German Winkle.

THE POLICE COURTS.

THE PENALTY OF BIGAMY.

At the Central Criminal Court, Percy Robinson, 43, clerk, pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with bigamy. The prisoner had married two respectable women, named Laura Bird and Elizabeth Bedell Boyes, in the lifetime of his wife; the former at St. John's, Hampstead, in February, 1862; and the latter at St. Giles's, Bloomsbury, in June, 1868; and it was also believed that he had been guilty of similar conduct with other women. He had been living under different names, and had made several false statements as to his property and connections to his wives and their relatives. The Common Serjeant sentenced him to two years' hard labour.

THE DEPTFORD MURDER.

Joseph Welch, 42, painter, was indicted, at the Central Criminal Court, for the wilful murder of John Abrahams. The prisoner had been employed by the deceased, who was a builder, and there was a dispute between them as to payment for some work. The prisoner summoned the deceased before a magistrate, but when the case was called on he was told it was the wrong court, and he seemed somewhat disappointed and annoyed. The same afternoon he and the deceased accidentally met in a public-house, when the latter offered him a glass of ale, but the prisoner refused to accept it, and then a scuffle between them took place. Subsequently the prisoner was seen to push the man on to a seat, and to stab him with a clasp-knife in the abdomen, and the wound was of so serious a character that death ensued the day following. The jury found the prisoner Guilty, and sentence of death was passed in the usual manner.

A POLICE MAGISTRATE ON SMOKING.

At the Westminster police-court, William Ayres was charged with refusing to perform the task allotted to him in the casual ward of the workhouse of St. Luke's, Chelsea. He was set to pick oakum, but after he had been at work for a short time he left off, commenced smoking a short pipe, and refused to do any more. The prisoner said he had picked part of his oakum when the superintendent threw the doors of the shed open and exposed him to a thorough draught. Mr. Selfe said if he was smoking, it was of course necessary to open the doors to let the smoke out. "And this is England, is it?" asked the prisoner. Mr. Selfe: I believe so. Prisoner: And a free-born Englishman is not to smoke his own tobacco, that he bought himself, in a workhouse yard? Mr. Selfe: It is a vicious habit, and it interfered with your labour. Prisoner: Then if this is England the sooner I'm out of it the better. I am dragged here for smoking, like a dog. Mr. Selfe: Dogs don't smoke. The prisoner was committed for seven days.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A treasonable handbill, of which the following is a copy, was posted in sundry places of the metropolis on Tuesday night:—"To all Fenians. *Vive la Republique!* The Queen will visit the City in state on Saturday, and on that day she will be shot. She seldom gives a chance. The opportunity won't be lost. God save Ireland!"

Mr. F. North, member for Hastings, a Liberal, died on Friday night.

The injured cable of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company has been successfully raised. The defect was about forty miles from the coast of Ireland.

George Buffitt, a labourer, of Christow, had to appear before the Exeter magistrates on Friday, on a charge of stealing potatoes; hs hung himself instead.

There is no foundation for the report that the German emigrant ship Weser had been lost at sea, and that crew and passengers—364 in all—had perished.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, stamp distributor, Cork, has admitted to the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the matter that he is a defaulter to the extent of £15,000.

The Conservative candidate, Mr. Gordon, had the show of hands at the nomination on Tuesday for the Scotch Universities. A poll was demanded by Mr. Smith, to commence on the 15th inst.

The notice given at Bolton of a reduction of wages to the extent of 5 per cent. expired on Saturday, and between 4,000 and 5,000 mill hands have come out on what is called a temporary strike.

The steamer Stonewall, bound from St. Louis for New Orleans, caught fire when near Cairo, on Wednesday night week. Upwards of 200 persons, including many women and children, were either drowned or burned.

By the China mail we hear that the Rev. J. Williamson, late of the Missionary Society, was attacked by robbers on the Grand Canal during the night of the 25th of August last, and that his body was discovered floating in the water a few days later.

With reference to the Pantin tragedy, the Paris *Droit* says that the private examination of Tropmann, conducted by the Juge d'Instruction, seems to prove that this notorious criminal planned and executed his crimes without any assistance.

Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P. for Whitby, and eldest son of the Premier, has been appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury. This is the office which it was said would be abolished. The salary is £1,000. Mr. Gladstone's appointment appears in Tuesday's *London Gazette*.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieut.-Colonel Keppel, returned to Marlborough House on Saturday from visiting Lord Carrington at Wycombe Abbey. The Prince and Princess of Wales drove out in the afternoon, and visited the Duchess of Inverness at Kensington Palace.

The opening address for the session of the Royal College of Surgeons was delivered on Monday at the Theatre of the College, Dublin, by Professor Rawdon Macnamara, President of the College, whose lengthy and able address was listened to with the greatest interest and warmly applauded.

The Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, which stood adjourned until Friday, was on that day formally adjourned by Sir Travers Twiss, the Chancellor, under a commission from the Archbishop. It is understood that the two houses will not meet for the dispatch of business until February.

At the Rolls Chambers, on Tuesday, an application in the case of "Bubb *v.* Yelverton" was made, in behalf of the plaintiff in the case, which was an administration suit, and his claim amounts to £10,000, against the estate of the late Marquis of Hastings. The hearing of the application was adjourned until the 29th instant.

A letter from General Sir W. Knollys to Mr. Roger Eykyn, M.P. for Windsor, informs that gentlemen that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presents his late pack of harriers to the gentlemen and farmers in the neighbourhood of Windsor, who have been so long acquainted with their merits. The gift is accompanied by a wish for the prosperity of the Hunt.

A lad in the employ of Mr. Hollinsworth, druggist of Plymouth, "borrowed" some of his master's money the other day, and, when questioned about it, said he had a bank-book at home and would repay the amount. He left to go home for the purpose, it was thought, of getting the book. He was afterwards found in a water-closet with his throat cut, and now lies in a dangerous state.

As the parish priest of Belturbet and his curate, together with some parishioners, were returning from the tenant-right demonstration at Cavan, on Monday evening, they were fired on, at the Drumally, from behind an ambush. A man was shot dead, and also the priest's horse. Several were wounded. The assassins fled instantly, but two men have been arrested for being concerned in the affair.

The Marquis of Westminster—perhaps the very greatest of all our English nobles in point of wealth—died on Sunday night, at his seat at Fonthill, near Salisbury. He is succeeded in his titles and vast estates by his eldest son, Lord Grosvenor, whose accession to the peerage causes a vacancy in the representation of Chester. The death of Lord Westminster places another Garter at the disposal of Mr. Gladstone.

In the Rue Druout, Paris, a few days ago, Count de Bisson accused M. Scholl, a writer in the *Lorgnon*, of attacking him in that paper. The journalist, observing that there were grounds for what he had said, and noticing that the other was armed with a poniard-knife, accompanied his reply with a blow from a walking-cane across the Count's face, which was immediately covered with blood. This incident appears to be connected with a recent suit for a judicial separation between M. and Madame Scholl, the husband attributing the return of his wife to her friends in England to the influence of the Count and Countess de Bisson.

Mr. Josiah Ralph, manager and cashier of Perran Foundry, near Truro, extensive works owned by Sir William Williams and Co., has absconded, a defaulter, it is stated, to the extent of several thousand pounds. The books are in confusion, so that the exact amount of his defalcations cannot be ascertained; but it is said he had decamped with something like £2,000, which he received a few days ago in Wales as payment for engines supplied by the firm.

The *Scotsman* of Saturday says:—"Braemar is now comparatively isolated from the rest of the kingdom, all communication, except on horseback, being out of the question, owing to the snowstorm. The ordinary coach from Ballater could not run on Thursday, huge snow wreaths crossing the road at short distances. The mails were brought up on horseback, including those for Balmoral. The snowdrift has been almost blinding during the last three days."

It is said that the North-Eastern Railway Company have determined to introduce at once a new improvement in the working of the points on their lines, viz., the wedge process, by which the pointsman, on closing his points with the ordinary handle from his cabin, will introduce a wedge into the points, and thus effectually lock them, and prevent them from jumping as the trains pass, and thus probably prevent accidents such as have more than once occurred.

On Monday evening, a man who was walking over Southwark-bridge towards Cannon-street, with a glass medicine bottle in his hand, asked a woman which was his right way to St. Paul's churchyard. She turned round to direct him, but before she had time to say a word he jumped up on the stone parapet of the bridge, cried out with a loud voice, "This is the way," and then leaped into the Thames. This is stated to be the third suicide from this bridge within the past month.

A shocking case of death from want has occurred in London. Mrs. Robinson, the wife of a solicitor, from whom she was separated,, and who allowed her only 5s. a week, was found dead in her bed in a house in South Molton Mews. Her landlady said she had suffered from want of food, often taking only a crust of bread and a cup of tea all day. At the inquest, one of the jury said that he had formerly known the deceased as living at the West-end in affluent circumstances.

It is expected that the consecration of Dr. Temple to the see of Exeter will take place on Tuesday, December 21, being St. Thomas's Day; and, if the necessary arrangements can be made in time, Lord Arthur Hervey, Bishop-designate of Bath and Wells, and the Rev. J. F. Mackarness, Bishop-designate of Oxford, will be consecrated on the same day. The ceremony will in all probability take place in Canterbury Cathedral. Dean Goodwin, appointed Bishop of Carlisle, will be consecrated in the province of York.

Odessa has had its crime resembling that of Pantin. Five persons belonging to a Jewish family, consisting of a grandmother, aged 72, a father, mother, and two children, occupying a miserable cottage in the suburb of Moldowanka, were found murdered on the morning of the 11th ult. The motive of the crime is supposed to have been robbery, although this poor family could not have possessed more than a few roubles in the world, excepting three cows and a horse, none of which were taken. A man has been arrested on suspicion.

There was a good deal of excitement in Barnsley on Tuesday on its becoming known that the mail cart, which carries the letters and remittances from Wombwell Elseur and the district had been stopped, and the whole of the contents stolen. The district is worked by a mail gig, driven by George Scott, who, after he has collected the letters, &c., at Wombwell, has to pass on to Hoyland through Wombwell Wood, which is a very lonely road. Just as he emerged from the wood four men sprang upon him, and dragged him off his seat. Two of the men held him there, one covering his eyes, whilst the two others robbed the mail of its contents.

A farmer of Graveleuse (Jura), named Viret, has been found murdered in a field, and a sum of 70f., which he was known to have about him, had disappeared. A released convict, named Roussell, had been remarked to be spending money very freely the previous evening, and, on his lodgings being searched, some articles of clothing stained with blood were discovered; he was consequently arrested, and is said to have since confessed his guilt. On the same day the body of a woman, with the head frightfully disfigured, was taken from the Charente, near Angoulême. Her husband, named Brousse, and keeper of a wineshop, shortly afterwards gave himself up, and confessed that he was the murderer.

Lord Derby was buried on Friday in the new family vault at St. Mary's Church, Knowsley, which was built twenty years ago by the father of the deceased Earl. Not only in the vicinity of Knowsley, but also in Liverpool and the suburbs, every token of respect was paid to the Earl's memory. The houses of the tenantry in West Derby, Hayton, and Knowsley were closed, and blinds were drawn in all the villas and private houses throughout the neighbourhood. In Liverpool similar tributes were paid by the principal residents and shopkeepers. Shortly before twelve o'clock the funeral procession left Knowsley Hall. It comprised eight mourning coaches, containing Lord Stanley (the present Earl) and other members of the family, followed by the servants on foot. The coronet of the late Earl was borne upon a cushion in front of the hearse. The roads beyond the confines in the vicinity of the church were crowded with people all anxious to pay the last homage to the illustrious statesman. The funeral service, which was plain, was read by the Rev. W. L. Fielden, the incumbent, and appropriate voluntaries were played upon the organ by Mr. Arrowsmith, organist of Prescot Church. The spectators numbered about 250, and the scene, though divested of pomp and display, was solemn and impressive. The remains of the Earl were deposited in a triple coffin, the first being an oaken shell, over which was a lead coffin bearing the following inscription:—"Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley, Fourteenth Earl of Derby. Born March 29th, 1799, died Oct. 23rd, 1869." This was enclosed in an outer coffin of oak, richly ornamented with devices in gold, and bearing the same inscription. The vault is of stone, similar to that of which the church has been built, and has twelve slabs on each side.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

[Under this head we propose to give from the pen of an eminent authority a weekly summary of the latest incidents in the progress of science and industry.]

A process of bronzing iron has been brought forward on the continent by one M. Zaliwski: it consists in plunging the article to be coloured into melted sulphur mixed with lamp-black. The surface thus produced takes a high polish and resists the corroding efforts of weak acids; and it looks like oxidized bronze. This process ought to be tested by all concerned in metallic art: iron could be extensively used for ornamental purposes if it were not for its unsightly complexion.

In the naturalist's department we may here note that a Canadian entomologist has made toads his specimen collectors, by extracting from their stomachs the insects upon which they have recently preyed. He goes forth in the early morning and seeks for the burly reptiles; those he finds he kills and opens, extracting the undigested flies and beetles from their stomachs. In this way he says he has secured many specimens of rare species, in perfect preservation. His system is to be commended for its ingenuity if not for its humanity. The toad is too valuable a servant to be thus treated; a pity we are not more kind to his virtues and more blind to his faults.

The centenary of Humboldt's birth is to be honoured in a manner that deserves recognition. A biography worthy of the man is to be prepared for the vast number of his admirers. There is already a good life of him by Witwer; but the new work will surpass it. Dr. Bruhns, the Director of the Leipsic Observatory, will be the editor, and he will have the co-operation of a great number of German *savants*, who will each undertake the portion that pertains to his own department of knowledge: a geographer will treat of the great man's travels, a physicist of his physics, a naturalist of his natural history, and so forth. Some documents and manuscripts never before published are in the hands of M. Lallemand, who has undertaken the first portion of the *magnum opus*.

The "shooting stars" of November may be looked for on the nights of the 12th, 13th, and 14th. There is no saying what will be seen; probably no such display as occurred in 1866, but possibly something worth looking out for. The earth will, it is presumed, pass through a less dense part of the meteoric ring, and the "stars" will consequently be "fewer and farther between" than they were three years ago. The French love of *organization* has led to the planning of a concerted scheme for securing the best scientific data afforded by the shower, should it occur. Instructions for observing have been prepared, for tyros, and star maps, to be had for 40 centimes each, have been published to help those who do not know the heavens to plot down the tracks of any meteors they may have the good fortune to see.

A rather amusing sale-catalogue has been put forth by the Zoological Society of London. It is a priced list of duplicate animals that are not wanted at the Society's gardens, and which are therefore to be disposed of as profitably as possible. Over a hundred-and-fifty beasts and birds of various species may be selected from, at prices to suit all purses. You may have a Thibetian wolf or a spotted hyæna for £20; a racoon, a jackall, or an octodon for £1 10s.; an eland for £50, or a kangaroo for £6. Parakeets, cockatoos, and eagles stand at about £3 each. Some of the rare birds have high figures: barred-tailed pheasants are set down at £30, and peacock-pheasants at £50 a-piece. Geese run about £6, and ducks £2 a bird, according to variety. No lions, tigers, or elephants are offered; nor any monkeys, notwithstanding the numbers that appear to be presented and otherwise acquired in the course of a year.

Manufacturers, brewers, horticulturists, and all who have to deal with critical temperatures, will be interested to hear of certain alarm or warning thermometers which two German electricians have been constructing. Into the glass tube-sides of these instruments, at particular heights on the scale, two small platinum wires are soldered, nearly meeting within the bore. The wires are led to a galvanic battery with an electric bell in the circuit. So long as the mercury in the tube remains below the wire points, the galvanic current cannot pass them: but so soon as it rises and puts them into metallic contact (the quicksilver itself forming the junction) the circuit is completed and the bell rings. In this way thermometers may be made that will raise an alarm at any desired temperature; and there are scores of cases in which such would be useful: no doubt any skilful instrument maker could construct them. Robert Houdin, the ex-conjuror, by some such appliances as these learns in his study the temperature at which his gardener keeps his hot houses. This ingenious man has turned his house into a magician's castle by the help of innumerable electric contrivances.

The heat that we receive from the moon is just now attracting the attention of astronomers and meteorologists. A few months since, Lord Rosse made known some results he had achieved in the way of measuring the all but insensible lunar warmth—he condensed the moon-light by means of one of the giant reflecting telescopes constructed by his father, and measured its calorific power with a thermo-pile. And at last week's meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, M. Marié-Davy announced that he had repeated some previous experiments of his own, which led to nothing, and had now ascertained that a measurable proportion of heat comes from the moon with its light. Like Lord Rosse, he found that the actual quantity varies with the phase of the moon, greatest at the full, least towards the new. The actual warmth felt at the earth's surface amounts, according to his measures, to twelve millionths of a Centigrade degree; but no doubt the greater portion of the lunar heat is absorbed in the higher regions of our atmosphere. If these experiments serve no other end, they prove the high accuracy to which thermometric measurements can be carried by means of the thermo-pile. Lately one of these sensitive instruments was used to examine the temperature of the sensitive plant, and it was found that different parts have different degrees of warmth; a fact that may have something to do with the collapse of the branches when they are touched by the warm fingers.

GOOD WORDS FROM GOOD BOOKS.

Man is but a rough pebble without the attrition received from contact with the gentler sex: it is wonderful how the ladies pumice a man down into a smoothness, which occasions him to roll over and over with the rest of his species, jostling but not wounding his neighbours, as the waves of circumstances bring him into collision with them. —*Captain Marryat.*

Man is strong: woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident: woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action, woman in suffering. Man shines abroad, woman at home. Man talks to convince, woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery; woman relieves it. Man has science, woman taste. Man has judgment, woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice, woman of mercy.

Children are allowed to be happy when they are so inclined, but they are not taught to be so when they are not inclined. They are not roughened, so to speak, against the little mischances and disappointments of every day; and thus, in later years, "their garments become embroidered with hooks," which catch troublesomely at all kinds of persons and things, which otherwise they might pass by not only without offence, but giving or gathering use and comfort. —*Miss Brewster on the Training of Children.*

Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was by no means brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing: "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and Heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem* (if it is brilliant), and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."—*Goethe on Woman's Understanding.*

Every man should wait: should bide his time. Not in listless idleness—not in useless pastime—not in querulous objection; but in constant, steady, and cheerful endeavours, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it to the world whether I or you, or another man, did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame (about what the world says of us), to be always looking into the faces of others for approval—to be always anxious for the effect of what we do or say—to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices.—*Longfellow.*

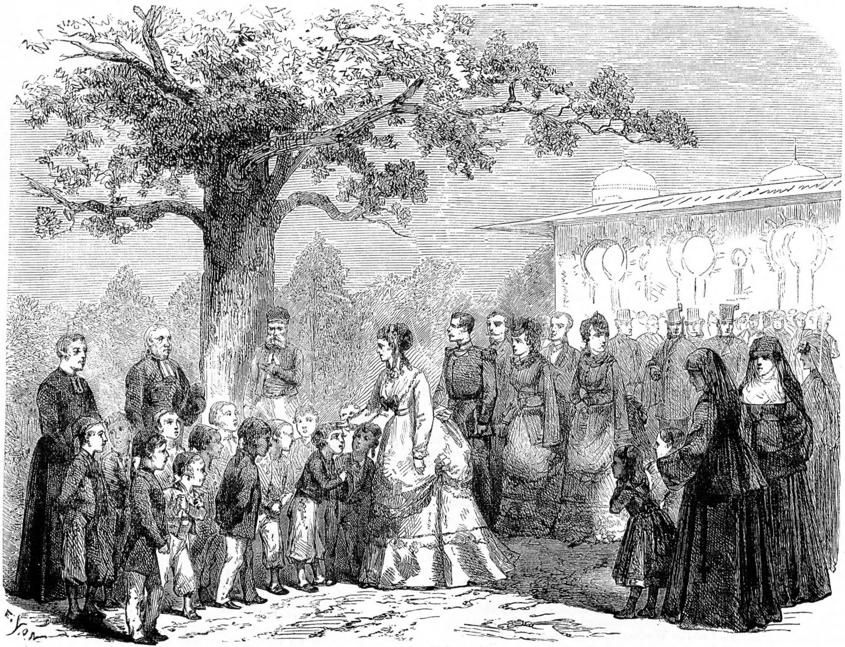
I know nothing more disgraceful to our sex than that a woman should not be obliged to learn anything. Is there anything stranger than the education of women? They must not be coquettes, and they are allowed to study all that concerns coquetry, and forbidden knowledge which strengthens virtue and occupies the mind. They are scolded in their youth if they are not neat, if they do not dress well, if they do not mind their dancing. A woman can only dance five or six years, and must spend twelve learning it; and this same person, who is bound to have judgment till her death, who must talk till her last sigh, is taught nothing that could make her talk agreeably, or act with more propriety. From the fashion in which great ladies spend their days, one might fancy they were only born to sleep, to get stout, to be beautiful, do nothing, and say foolish things.—*Miss Kavanagh on the Education of Women.*

The Fables which appeal to our high moral sympathies may sometimes do as much for us as the truths of science. The following beautiful apologue had a powerful effect on my mind—"Jesus," says the story, "arrived one evening at the gates of a certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to prepare supper while he himself, intent on doing good, walked through the streets into the market-place. And he saw at the corner of the market some people gathered together looking at some object on the ground; and he drew near to see what it might be. It was a dead dog with a halter round his neck, by which he appeared to have been dragged through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject, a more unclean thing never met the eyes of man. And those who stood by looked on with abhorrence. 'Faugh!' said one, stopping his nose, 'it pollutes the air.' 'How long,' said another, 'shall this foul beast offend our sight?' 'Look at his torn hide,' said a third: 'one could not even cut a shoe out of it.' 'And his ears,' said a fourth, 'all draggled and bleeding.' 'No doubt,' said a fifth, 'he has been hanged for thieving.' And Jesus heard them, and, looking down compassionately on the dead creature, he said, 'Pearls are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth.' Then the people turned to him with amazement, and said among themselves, 'Who is this? This must be Jesus of Nazareth; for only he could find something to pity and approve even in a dead dog.' And, being ashamed, they bowed their heads before him, and went each on his way." I can recall at this hour the vivid, yet softening and pathetic, impression left on my fancy by this old Eastern story. It gave me pain in my conscience, for it seemed thenceforward so easy and so vulgar to say satirical things, and so much nobler to be benign and merciful; and I took the lesson so home that I was in great danger of falling into the opposite extreme—of seeking the beautiful even in the midst of the corrupt and the repulsive.—*Mrs. Jameson on Fables.*

On Friday the remains of Mr. Thomas Powell, Mrs. Powell, and their son, arrived at Newport by an early train, accompanied by Mr. Henry Powell and Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins, the brother and brother-in-law, who have been out to Abyssinia making an investigation into the massacre of their relatives. Only a small part of the remains was discovered. The interment took place at Basselley Church, the funeral being strictly private.

TOADS.

The toad is of a retiring disposition, loving dark corners and shady places. It has a slow, crawling motion, and is of a very timid disposition. Numerous instances might be cited of pet toads, and of their becoming quite tame. The toad differs in some respects from the nearly related frog. The structure of the mouth is, however, nearly the same. The tongue is attached by the root, as it were, to the base and front of the mouth, the tip being reversed and pointing down the throat when the animal is at rest. The moment it sees an insect its eyes brighten and sparkle, the toes twitch, and quicker than the eye can follow, the tongue is thrown out, the insect transfixed, and withdrawn into the mouth. Unlike the frog, the toad does not spring after its prey, but remains seated. Having kept frogs in the aquarium, I have noticed that they will spring two or three times their own length from the moss to catch a fly on the glass, using their tongue, as it were, on the jump. They seldom miss their mark. As far as my experience goes, neither of these animals will eat anything without life or motion. I have, however, often deceived a frog by moving a dead fly in the sight of the creature, which it always took readily.—*A. S. Ritchie in "Scientific Opinion."*



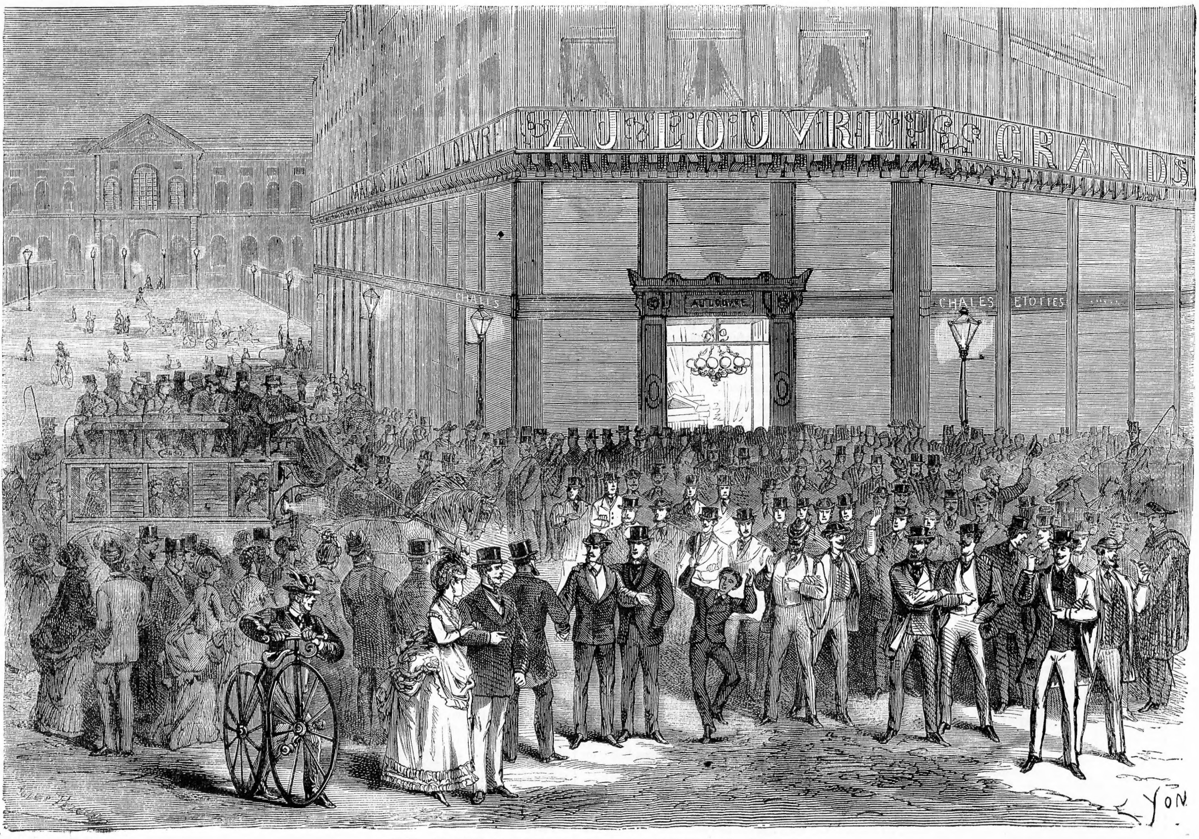
THE EMPRESS EUGENIE VISITING A SCHOOL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

EMPRESS EUGENIE VISITING A SCHOOL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Our Illustration this week of the tour of the Empress of the French represents her Majesty performing one of those kindly offices for which she has become so well known. During her stay at Constantinople the Empress visited the school of the Sisters of Saint-Benoit, and our engraving depicts the Royal lady's interview with the little scholars in the grounds adjoining the school. Her Majesty delighted the children by her frank questions, and must herself have been pleased at their answers. The child upon whose head the Empress is laying her hand affectionately appears in raptures at being so kindly treated by an Empress: while the lad next to the favoured youth stares admiringly into his companion's face as though wondering that contact with Majesty does not deprive him of the power of speech. Immediately behind the Empress are her suite; on the right, in the rear of the children, are two priests; and on her Majesty's left stand three of the good Sisters, with two little girls in charge. The incident is one of the most pleasing in the tour of the Empress.

THE CHEMISTRY OF THE MINE.

Dr. Hill delivered the third of a series of three lectures on "The Chemistry of the Mine," at Walsall, on Tuesday evening, under the auspices of the Dudley Institute of Mechanical Engineers. The first part of the lecturer's address was devoted to an explanation of fire-damp, the miner's deadly enemy, Remarking that fire-damp proceeded from vegetable matter decaying in damp places, the lecturer came to its explosive powers. Fire-damp (he said) explodes when mixed with either oxygen or air, and a light is applied; but it does not do so in all proportions. The most favourable proportion for explosion is one volume of fire-damp to eight or ten of air; but when the volume of air is either very small or very great, no explosion takes place. Fire-damp (*light* carburetted hydrogen) is very light compared with air; it occupies the highest place in mine workings; and it may therefore be lighted without danger, provided the quantity is very small. The temperature requisite to ignite inflammable gases differs very much, and fire-damp requires a higher temperature than most others. This is a very favourable circumstance in connection with the construction of the safety-lamp. A red-hot solid body will not inflame a mixture of fire-damp and oxygen. Flame will ignite it, but even flame must be allowed to remain in contact with the mixed gases a certain time in order to heat them to a certain point, or else no explosion will occur. The original safety-lamp of Stephenson was constructed in accordance with these facts. The flame was surrounded by a tall chimney, the rapid draught through which did not allow the combustible mixture to remain long enough in contact with the flame to become heated as high as the point of ignition Sir Humphrey Davy acted upon a different principle in the construction of his safety-lamp. Flame is extinguished when its temperature is lowered to a certain extent. Coals are readily extinguished if taken from a fire and placed separately on good conductors, such as iron, &c., and it was upon this property of metals as good conductors that Davy relied in the construction of his lamp. The ventilation of mines is a matter of the greatest importance. Dr. Hill referred to the danger of breathing impure air, and made some remarks upon spontaneous combustion. He concluded by describing the method of treating persons suffering from explosions in mines, and by some good advice as to the personal habits of the miner, both in and out of the mine. A vote of thanks was awarded the learned lecturer.



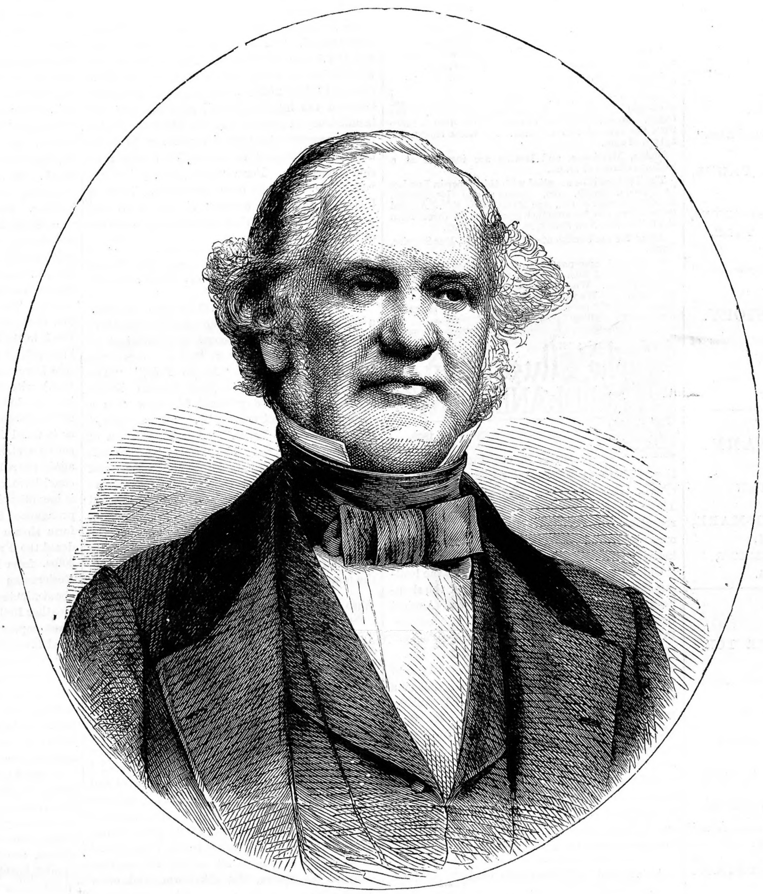
THE LINENDRAPERS' STRIKE AT PARIS. *(See page 150).*

MR. PEABODY.

Mr. George Peabody, whose portrait it gives us sincere pleasure to engrave this week, has made such a world-famous name that it may appear to some superfluous to refer to his splendid charities; others, however, will doubtless be glad to have in a succinct form the career of Mr. Peabody laid before them as a fitting accompaniment to the portrait. The subject of our memoir was born at Danvers, Massachusetts, United States, on the 18th of February, 1795. His father was in business, and young Peabody was apprenticed to a grocer in his native town. He became a partner with his uncle at Georgetown and manager of the concern in 1812, and saw service as a volunteer at Fort Warburton.

After a career as a successful merchant, he came to England in 1837 and established himself as a merchant and money-broker in 1843. Passing over some of the least of his charities, it is to be recorded that at his native town in America he founded, at a cost of £25,000, an Institute bearing his name, and that he has since given £100,000 for a similar purpose in Maryland. In 1862 he retired from business after making a large fortune; and on the 12th of March in that year he presented the City of London with £150,000, for the purpose of building comfortable lodging-houses for the poor, following up that noble gift with a similar donation in 1866. The first block of buildings, to which the title of "Peabody Dwellings" was given, was opened in 1864. In 1866 Mr. Peabody presented 150,000 dollars to Harvard University to establish a Museum and Professorship of American Archæology and Ethnology; and in 1867 the United States Congress passed a vote of thanks to him for his gifts to the people.

When Mr. Peabody left England a few months ago for America, the Queen expressed her regret that he was quitting this country. Very soon afterwards Mr. Peabody returned to London, in ill health, and intending to make a tour to some warmer land. To the general regret, however, Mr. Peabody was seized with a severe illness a few days ago, and since then his malady has assumed so serious a complexion that daily bulletins have been issued. When this was written we are glad to say Mr. Peabody was stated to be a little better. That his recovery may be speedy, and that he may be long spared to reap the rewards of his liberality, will be the heartfelt wish of the people of both countries.



MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

DERBY SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

Derby is gaining pre-eminence in athletics. A few weeks ago we illustrated the inaugural meeting of the Derby Athletic Club; in this Number we engrave the sports of the gentlemen at Derby Grammar School, which took place at the Arboretum in that town on Monday, the 25th of October. There was a large gathering of visitors, despite the rather inclement weather—a biting wind making same of the competitors look red as to the nose and blue as to the face. The Derbyshire Volunteer Rifle Corps band's performance made the games additionally attractive.

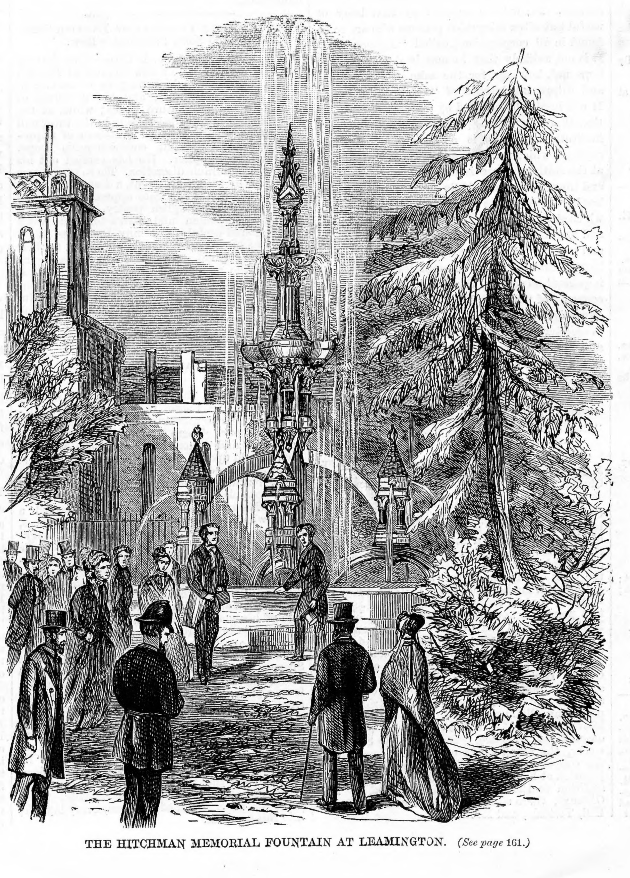
The judge was Mr. George Crewe, and the starters the Rev. F. B. Allison, M.A., the Rev. W. H. Beach, M.A., and Mr. C. C. Bowring. The Rev. Walter Clark, Head Master of the school, also assisted in carrying out the arrangements. The programme contained twenty-four events, and it was past dark when the sports concluded. The first event, a lower school race, distance a quarter-of-a-mile, was won by Fletcher. A stilt race created great amusement, and Harkness proved successful over two other competitors. The Two Hundred Yards' race, for boys under ten-and-a-half years of age, fell to Winfield. The next contest was a Flat race of a hundred yards, for which sixteen runners came to the mark. The result, after a dead heat with Gadsby, proved in favour of Taylor. In a Long Jump contest Deacon cleared 15 ft. 3½ in., beating several others. Another Long Jump match was carried off by Taylor, Bramley being second. Taylor cleared 17 ft. 9 in. A race for Juniors of the lower school was won by Garbutt. A High Jump open contest followed, in which Bramley was successful. Taylor threw the cricket ball further than Watlington, Stokes, and Gadsby, and obtained the prize. A quarter-of-a-mile race for boys under twelve fell to Hobson, Sleigh second. Deacon, in a high jump, for lads under fifteen, defeated six others; and in "putting the shell," Gadsby reached a distance of 32 ft. 10 in. A Half-mile race, for boys under fifteen, went to Jones, Forrest running second. Court won the Mile Velocipede race, Gibson second, and Ferneyhough third. The next event, a mile open race, was very interesting. Tatam, after lying second for a long distance, dashed to the front in gallant style, and won by several yards. Greaves won the Visitors' race, and Horsley the Hurdle race, defeating Bramley (second), Sharpe (third), Taylor, Allinson, and Gadsby. For a mile handicap sixty boys of all ages appeared at the scratch. The winner turned up in Forrest, Fraser being a good second. The names of the remaining competitors were: Gadsby, Taylor, Bradley, Sharpe, Bradley, Harkness, Stenson, Davis, Court, Johnstone, Hobson, Winfield, Fryer, Mayo, Jones, Tatam, Deacon, Winfield, Harrison, Lindsey, Roxby, Garland, Oliver, Mayo, Watlington, Armstrong, Horsley, Bramley, Stokes, Forrest, Rickard, Newton, Brennard, Standen, Hillam, Claye, Barnard, Sleigh, Sleigh, Mansfield, Horsley, Linacre, Cotton, Coxon, Cooper, Marsh, Hutchinson, Jowett, Hose, Carter, Mansfield, Ferneyhough, Brown, Coates, Harkness, Knighton, Bunney, Forrest, and Rickard. A three-legged race followed. Twenty-six couples started, and ran very evenly for some distance, but Gadsby and Sharpe having obtained a slight advantage at the start went in the winners in capital style. The sack race followed, and was won by Cooper, there being a great number of competitors. Smith obtained the prize for gymnastics, and Coates carried off the Consolation Stakes. The prizes, which consisted of handsome silver cups, cricket balls, skates, &c., were publicly presented to the successful scholars by Mrs. Wilmot, of Chaddesden.

Our artist has chosen for illustration the hurdle race, which will be found engraved on our front page.

SCIENCE IN THE PROVINCES.

In "a few words of friendly and well-intentioned advice to Provincial Associations," a writer in *Scientific Opinion* says:—Country workers can use the telescope and the rain-gauge, the microscope and the dredge, as skilfully as their metropolitan brethren. They have opportunities for scientific discovery, they have more time, and they have the *otium*, even if it be without the *dignitas*, which the speed of vitality in London precludes. It is clear, then, that they want only two conditions fulfilled in order to materially aid in the progress of Science. They require to be shown what departments they may investigate with most profit, and also how they may inform themselves as to what is new and what is old in reference to these departments. Now, though these two wants cannot be fully met in the country, they may be approximately provided for, and that would be a grand step forwards. Intelligent secretaries and a small but well-selected library would work wonders. The secretaries of our provincial societies should be not simply shrewd men of business, who can get up popular meetings with large assemblages of ladies and what the reporters style "a galaxy of beauty;" they should be men possessed of large and varied knowledge in science, and able, if not to say what has been done in any particular branch, at least to inform the worker where he can learn the latest results of observation. Surely it would not be difficult to find such men in any of our English counties. Then, as to the library. This, instead of consisting of a multitude of heterogeneous works on scientific matters—most of them specialities—should comprise a few comprehensive standard treatises of reference and cyclopædias. Such books, for instance, as Carus-Engelmann's *Bibliotheca Zoologica*, Siebold and Stannius's *Comparative Anatomy*, Van der Hoeven's *Zoology*, Henfrey and Schleiden's *Treatises on Botany*, Herschel's *Astronony* and Proctor's *Star Maps*, Liebig's *Laws of Husbandry*, Miller's *Chemistry*, Ganot's *Physics*, Lyell's *Principles of Geology* and *Antiquity of Man*, and Ramsay's *Geological Map of England and Wales*, and finally the several dictionaries, such as Brande's, Ure's, Todd's, the *English Cyclopædia*, and the *Micrographic Dictionary*. These are but a few, to which many valuable monographs might easily be added; but the amount of good scientific investigation which might be made miles away from London, by an earnest student who had even only the above library to consult, is simply incalculable. Some may say, "But where is the money to come from to purchase even these?" To this we reply, from the fund which is now wastefully expended in printing *Proceedings* which no one, we venture to say, ever thinks of reading. The money which is lavished on the little uninteresting and unreadable *brochures* which some of our local societies issue, would each year purchase some very valuable treatises for a thoroughly working library.

The North-Eastern Company will, in the next session, seek Parliamentary powers to extend the Northallerton and Leyburn Branch through Wensleydale to Hawes, then to join the Settle and Carlisle line of the Midland Company. This new project will involve the abandonment of the Hawes and Melmerby railway as authorised, to which the North-Eastern have "permissive power" to subscribe £175,000.



THE HITCHMAN MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AT LEAMINGTON. *(See page 161.)*

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10.—Mr. F. A. Eaton on "The Suez Canal."
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W. T. BELCHER, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Fell. Coll. Org., Professor of the Organ, Pianoforte, Singing, and the Theory of Music; 3, Hampstead Road, and at 23, Worcester Street, Birmingham. [24

TO AGENTS AND ADVERTISERS.

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⁂ Several correspondents complain that they cannot get our paper at Euston Square Station and some other distant places. We endeavour to meet these difficulties as they arise. We would suggest to our correspondents that a quarterly subscription of 4s. 6d. will secure to them a copy regularly posted on Friday night.

The Illustrated MIDLAND NEWS

BIRMINGHAM, NOV. 6, 1869.

SPAIN is in the throes of revolution. There is a general scrimmage for the crown. It is being fought for by several parties. There have been numerous candidates until recently; but now there may be said to be only one. The Duke of Montpensier is the unenviable individual whose name is the watchword of the "Unionists," and their powerful allies the leading officers of rank in the army, and the shopkeepers of Madrid and the large towns. Against this party the Republicans raise their banner. Prim it seems heads this "league of liberty." His followers are the Progressists, Democrats, and Republicans, and the choice of government lies between the rule of this party and that of a King. The Spanish people generally dislike Montpensier, the Orleans prince. He is a miser, they say, with a bigot for his wife. Prim is master of the situation and yet has not courage or inclination to use his power. It is thought he would not object to the Duke of Genoa being king—a boy of fifteen—who could be governed by his chief minister—the General. Meanwhile the fighting goes on, and we shall next week illustrate one of its most sanguinary incidents.

AN attempt will shortly be made to establish a Free Library in Worcester. Mr. Alderman E. Webb, a gentleman in advance of some of his brother councillors with regard to educational opinions, is the chief promoter of the scheme. He will be opposed by that body of useful but often misguided persons who are to be found in all corporations, called "Economists." It is not unlikely that he may be defeated. We hope not, however, for the sake of the present and future inhabitants of "the faithful city." It will hardly be believed by many of our readers that Worcester has no popular reading or literary institution. There is a Society of Railway *employés* which has a reading room and library at the station; there is an ordinary news room and library for the middle classes; but nothing has been done in the way of a great institution, which should comprise library, news room, classes, and the other educational features of a popular and useful establishment. A Free Library is a happy thought, and contemplates a useful and important advance in the social and educational economy of "Semper Fidelis." Nothing is more expensive to a community than ignorance. Worcester has many excellent institutions, and boasts of some great and good citizens. She should at once enter into a wholesome competition with the Music Halls for the heart and intellect of the rising generation, which is in danger of being given over to "Jolly Nash" and "the Ballet."

The Bishop of Worcester has licensed the Rev. J. H. Scowcroft to the incumbency of St. Anne's Church, Birmingham.

A new railway is projected between Dudley, Oldbury, and Birmingham. The new line is intended to start at or near the Netherton Station of the Great Western line; thence it will take the direction of Reddall Hill, then passing the anvil works of Messrs. Peter Wright and Sons to the back of Messrs. Harper and Sons, will cross Hall-street, Dudley, near the Victoria Brewery, where a central station will be erected. From this point the new line will run at the back of Messrs. England and Cooper's brewery and Mr. J. R. Tilley's tannery; then skirting the slopes of the adjacent hills, will afford accommodation to the Burnt Tree Works, to those of Messrs. George Hickman, Daniel Round, J. Williams, and W. Gilbert, also to the Brades Steel Works and the various collieries of the district. Approaching Oldbury, the line will pass the well-known furnaces, to a central station in Halesowen-street. Thence, going parallel to Sanders's works, the alkali works of Messrs. Chance, and the copper works, the line will proceed to the junction at Smethwick, as mentioned above. In addition to the central stations at Dudley and Oldbury, there will be stations erected at Kate's Hill, Tividale, and Rood End.

LITERATURE.

LAUDIA. A Tale. By A. L. O. E. London: T. Nelson and Sons.

We do not like tales written up to a high and severe moral. The reader should be left to pick out the lesson for himself. The author of the work before us, a lady we presume, sets out with the most difficult task of showing the distinction between the intellectual and spiritual, and the insufficiency of mental powers, either to render their possessor wise unto salvation, or to make him a fit instrument to accomplish a lofty mission among men. For a "goody goody" story, "A. L. O. E." has been successful. There is less than the usual amount of cant in it, and perhaps a little more than the ordinary modicum of sense.

TALES OF OLD TRAVEL. Re-narrated by Henry Kingsley, F.R.G.S. London: Macmillan and Co.

Here is a volume which will be found in many a boy's hands by the time the Christmas holidays begin. A glance at the contents is sufficient to excite the curiosity of every boy, and every girl too for that matter. "Marco Polo," "The Shipwreck of Pelsart" (that famous Dutch captain, who one day found his crew "in a state of respectful mutiny"), "Spitzbergen," "The Old Slave Trade," "The Foundation of an Empire," &c., &c. The "Tales" are so well told by Mr. Kingsley, and the illustrations and printing are so good throughout, that if we could have our school-days over again, we should want nothing better to read in the evenings than this collection of wonderful travels that the enterprising publishers have produced apparently on behalf of our young friends who are counting the hours to the holidays.

WHO WERE THE FIRST WEAVERS? London: T. Nelson and Sons.

This is one of a new series of sixpenny books, and if we may accept it as a sample of the whole library, we predict for the collection a wide and increasing popularity. "Who were the first weavers?" How the question brings one down from the heights of human invention. What have we done with all our wonderful mechanical contrivances that some humble insect has not been doing for ages. "Who were the first weavers?" Long before man discovered the uses of wool and flax and cotton, there were myriads of weavers at work in the woods and fields and forests of the great world. The writer of the little volume under notice tells his readers in the plainest and most simple language all about the earliest weavers, the spider, the silk-worm, and other insect toilers. Parents who wish to excite in the minds of their children a desire to study natural history, cannot do better than place in their hands this entertaining and instructive little hand-book.

THE HOUSEHOLD TREASURY OF ENGLISH SONG. T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

This handsome volume is designed to furnish youthful readers with a new manual of English Poetry; a manual which may be of service in their scholastic studies, and yet a source of recreation in their leisure hours; while, at the same time, it is intended to supply the tutor and the parent with a poetical text-book of unpretending character but comprehensive scope. Thus far the compiler. He has carried out his plan with admirable discretion. There is evidence of sympathy with the student, a desire to interest the young, and a delicate appreciation of the best examples of English poetry. Not only a pleasant companion and instructor, this work will be found useful for Penny Readings, many selections having been made with a view to their being read aloud. The book is rendered complete by the addition of an index, biographical and other notes, a thousand marginal quotations from the best authors, and numerous beautiful illustrations. For a cheap and pretty gift-book we can most heartily recommend "The Household Treasury of English Song."

SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS. London: Macmillan and Co.

In reprinting the complete works of the author of "The Faerie Queene," Messrs. Macmillan have done literature a service and themselves honour. There is so much cheap reading nowadays, and ephemeral publications have got such a hold upon a large section of the public, that the works of our best poets are, not thrust aside, but altogether disregarded in favour of more "popular" productions. In their "Globe" series, Messrs. Macmillan have now issued a work which, if only for its inexpensiveness, should be purchased and treasured up by everybody. How many of those persons who take credit for having a taste for English literature ever read "'The Faerie Queene, Disposed into twelve books, Fashioning XII Morall vertues?'" Spenser was one of the most prolific authors of the Elizabethan age. Ten years before the publication of his masterpiece he had become famous for his "Shepheardes Calendar," which had been twice reprinted; even at that period of his life a contemporary writer urged "that Spenser may well wear the garlande, and step before the best of all English poets." One rises from a perusal of Spenser's charming pastorals as from the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare, with a mind refreshed and invigorated, and a larger appreciation of nature's many gifts. They were contemporaries, Spenser and Shakespeare; and, like the radiant morning star, which lends its light to the world almost ere the day has broken, the genius of the two poets cast a halo around everything they touched, transmuting, as it were, the baser metal of common, everyday life, into shining gold.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Alternate snow, sleet, and rain made the Houghton Meeting anything but pleasant to performers or spectators, and none could have regretted when the dreary and totally unnecessary six days came to an end. Kingcraft's poor performance in the Criterion took the gilt off his fine race for the Middle Park Plate, and revived all the old doubts as to his stamina and gameness. Certainly 7lbs. extra tells fearfully over this course, but Lord Falmouth's horse evidently dislikes a hill, and seemed to run soft at the finish. Of course his defeat indirectly affected Sunshine, and will give an impetus to the Derby betting. Sunlight ought to have won easily, but, as at York, he ran a thorough rogue, and would not struggle when Hester challenged him. He will probably turn out a second Marksman, and, like that horse, is sure to be made a favourite at Epsom on the off-chance of his running generously. The Cambridgeshire fully recompensed Mr. Hodgman for his disappointment with John Davis in the Cesarewitch, and, while none of the high-priced animals at the Duke of Beaufort's sale have won a single race, Vestminster (6st. 4lbs.), who was knocked down for 90 guineas, and is a cripple to boot, has landed the best handicap of the season and £12,000 in bets. The favourites, as is usual in this race, were nowhere, and how such a wretched impostor as The Prior (6st. 12lbs.) again proved himself in his race with Blue Gown could have kept his place in the betting so firmly is inexplicable. Cerdagne (7st. 8lbs.), popularly pronounced Sardine, ran a great mare, and the form shown by Cardinal York (7st. 13lbs.) rendered the Free Handicap, in which he received 30lbs. from Pero Gomez, a certainty for him. Rosicrucian (9st. 2lbs.) secured his old place, about nineteenth, but his defeat of Formosa and Heather Bell over six furlongs will give his constant supporters fresh courage, and he will be a good favourite for many another handicap. Burgundy showed some of his Goodwood form, and cut down Green Riband and Scarbro' in a canter, and Ladas gave Badsworth 9lbs., and a head beating, over the T. Y. C. Mr. Crawfurd was fortunate in securing both Nurseries, but Prince Soltykoff and Fordham, usually invincible in matches, were quite out of luck.

It speaks badly for turf morality that £200 should be stolen from the Newmarket Subscription Rooms, and that the Jockey Club should find it necessary to frame an enactment to protect lodging-house keepers and tradespeople. These classes, usually the "biters," have been most unmistakeably "bit" lately, and it was time something was done to save them from systematic fraud. We glean from "Baily" that during the twenty-one years that the late Lord Derby trained with John Scott, he owned 243 horses. Of these, 54 were winners and landed £94,003 in stakes, of which Canezou contributed the largest share—£9,180. The sporting baronets have been figuring rather prominently of late. Last week, one charged a member of the Jockey Club with altering handicap weights, and, on receiving a denial, expressed a doubt as to the veracity of the reply in very strong terms, and refuses to retract. A second, who has been a heavy plunger, received such a heavy "facer" during the Houghton week that many think he cannot get over it. A third (a married man) met a husband in the streets of York who had intercepted a letter from him to his wife, thrashed him severely, and sent him off with a bad black eye. Altogether these are "troublous times."

A portion of Lord Rosebery's stud was sold at Tattersall's on Monday last. The £3,500 Ladas was bought in for 600 guineas, and all the yearlings returned to their old quarters, so that it seems probable that his lordship will not altogether relinquish racing. Athena, who as a two-year-old realized 2,100 guineas, and was bought last autumn for 1700 guineas, only made 600 guineas; but her racing days are over, and she goes to the royal stud. Cap-à-Pie was well sold for 370 guineas, while Lady Beaconsfield, who cost Lord Rosebery 750 guineas, was knocked down for 65 guineas.

Hunting is now fairly begun all over England. The Holderness have had first-rate cub-hunting, and the master has just sold four of his stud at an average of 400 guineas. It is not generally known that Camel took two prizes in 1867 as the best hunting foal, one at Wisbeach and the other at Peterboro'. We doubt if a Derby favourite has ever previously distinguished himself in a similar manner. Hester was not shown. The Duke of Beaufort has given away twenty-five couple of hounds to the West Wiltshire, and will in future hunt four days a week instead of six. The Prince of Wales has presented his harriers to the county, and it is hoped that this will induce the farmers to re-consider their determination of allowing no one to ride over their land.

The Lurgan Open Meeting attracted many coursing men to Ireland, and the chief feature of the sport was the easy defeat of Bab at the Bowster by Sir James in the second round of the Brownlow Cup. Mr. Blanshard's clipper, however, lamed herself badly in the course, though it is hoped she has sustained no serious or permanent injury. At the Ridgway Club Meeting, Bed-of-Stone showed even better form than she did at the South Lancashire Meeting, and proved herself the best puppy of the year. Her own sister, Belle of Portland, won the Lytham Cup for all ages.

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Scarborough on Monday evening, on a visit to Lord Londesborough. On arriving at the Westborough Station, his Royal Highness was presented with an address from the Mayor and Corporation, and, *en route* for Londesborough Lodge, he passed under several triumphal arches. Most of the tradesmen and hotel-keepers brilliantly illuminated their premises. On Tuesday the Prince and party shot through the Willoughby covers, on Wednesday through the Irton covers, and on Thursday and Friday in the open. During his stay in Yorkshire the Prince will, according to promise, hunt once or twice with the local hounds should the weather be favourable for the sport. It is stated that on the 16th inst. the Prince will pay a second visit to the Duc d'Aumale, at Woodnorton, Evesham, Worcestershire, and remain there four days. There is a rumour that the Queen will visit Worcestershire at no distant period.

Timothy Barnes, a nailer, was found dead in the canal at Wolverhampton on Saturday.

Samuel Griffin, a baker, at West Bromwich, was fined £1 and costs on Saturday, for selling bread not by weight.

Mr. Joseph Martin, a lay vicar of Lincoln Cathedral, has committed suicide by hanging himself with his garters to a bedpost.

Miss Kilpert has presented the liberal sum of £200, in addition to a previous donation of £100, to the Restoration Fund of Worcester Cathedral.

The Italian Opera performances have been given this week at the Birmingham Theatre Royal. We shall give a detailed notice next week.

On Thursday night, St. John's Church, Kirkby Woodhouse, was broken into, and despôiled of two velvet ornamental cloths. Several articles were found in the porch ready to be taken away.

The thanks of the Royal Humane Society, inscribed on vellum and on parchment, have been given to Joseph Farmer for saving John Thomas Scott, who sank while bathing in the canal at Wolverhampton.

The marriage of Mr. Michael Arthur Bass, M.P., with Harriet, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Thornewill, of Dove Cliff, near Burton, was celebrated on Thursday at Stretton Church, amid circumstances of general rejoicing.

Agnes Beardsall, daughter of Mr. Beardsall, Mansfield-road, Nottingham, grocer, who was missing for several days, to the great alarm of her parents, has returned home. She had strayed to Loughborough, and was taken home on Saturday.

At an inquest at Wolverhampton, on Saturday, on the body of John Southern, a cleaner, who was crushed to death on the previous Saturday at the Great Western Railway Works, the Jury recommended "step locks" to be placed on the sidings of the railway.

A fire broke out on Saturday at the tinplate works of Messrs. Thomson, Hatton, and Morgan, Broadwaters, Kidderminster. About £100 worth of damage was done. It is complained that it took one of the fire engines more than an hour to get to the fire!

On Wednesday some skeletons were found in the part known as Old Spittlegate, Lincoln; the bones were of a large size, and are supposed to have been there since the Civil Wars. It is said that Cromwell's army had a hospital somewhere in that part of the neighbourhood.

The case against the Rev. Charles Voysey, vicar of Healaugh, near Tadcaster, who is charged with heresy, will be commenced on Wednesday, the 1st of December, at York Minster, before the Worshipful Granville Harcourt Vernon, the Judge of the Consistory Court of the York Diocese.

The tomb of the late Dean Dawes, of Hereford, has been placed in his cathedral. It is from the designs of Mr. G. G. Scott. The recumbent statue upon its top was carved by Mr. Noble. An altar-tomb sustains the effigy, and has at its angles shafts of *verd antique* with floriated capitals.

The Severn Valley Carpet Works, assigned by Mr. T. B. Worth to his creditors, were put up for sale by auction last week, by Mr. George Holloway, of Kidderminster. The highest bidder was Mr. B. Danks, who went up to £10,300, but as the reserve price fixed by the trustees was £11,000, the property was not sold.

A sad case of poisoning has occurred at Leeds. A young man named James Chadwick, an apprentice to Messrs. Reinhardt and Sons, chemists and druggists, Briggate, having been suffering two or three days from tic doloreux, took a large dose of "Battle's solution of opium" to allay the pain. The result was that he fell into a deep sleep, which terminated in his death.

A shoemaker, named Rose, of Sheffield, left his little boy in his workshop, where his tools were lying about. The boy took up one of the knives, and fell over some boots and lasts. His mother ran to his assistance, and to her horror found the knife sticking in his throat, and blood flowing copiously. She screamed for help, but before any one came to her assistance the little fellow had expired.

Some burglars broke into the shop of Mr. Ellingworth, watch manufacturer, Snow-hill, Birmingham, on Sunday morning, about six o'clock. Mr. Ellingworth, seeing the burglars at the shop window, fired a pistol at them, and they left. About £50. worth of property was removed from the window. Several articles were found upon the footpath in front of the shop, having evidently been dropped by the burglars in their flight.

The Bishop of Lincoln has licensed the Rev. W. V. Jackson to the Incumbency of St. Stephen's, Nottingham; the Rev. M. Lewis to the Curacy of Beckingham; the Rev. L. Saywell to the Curacy of Ingoldmells. The Rev. R. Rawle has been appointed to the Vicarage of Tamworth. The Rev. S. Clark has been appointed to the Incumbency of Christ Church, Thornton. The Bishop of Lichfield has licensed the Rev. R. T. Barnes to the Curacy of St. Alkmond's, Shrewsbury; and the Rev. T. de Vine to the Curacy of St. Luke's, Wellington.

It is to be feared that the West Retford Pit, at Tinsley Park, will not be re-opened for some time to come, as it is considered unsafe to do so until all chances of the fire breaking out afresh are done away with. For the last week men have been employed repairing the cupola shaft, which is rather dilapidated, and at the No. 20 thick coal pits the men are now fully employed, and an average quantity of coal is sent to bank daily.

A special meeting of the South Staffordshire Ironmasters' Association, held at Birmingham, on Thursday, agreed to advance puddlers' wages sixpence a ton. The men had asked an increase of one shilling a ton, but the masters determined that the state of trade did not warrant so large an advance at present. There was a meeting of the North Staffordshire iron trade at Stoke-upon-Trent, on Tuesday, when it was resolved that the price of finished iron be advanced 10s. per ton; and that on Saturday (to-day) notice be given of an advance of wages to puddlers of 6d. per ton, and to millmen of 5 per cent. after the expiration of fourteen days.

A short time ago several men were tried at the Warwick assizes on the charge of obtaining by false pretences subscriptions at Leamington for a society formed in London for the extinction of the income tax. They got off on a point of law. During the past week the same society has been represented at Exeter. The spokesman, a very illiterate man, produced a bundle of papers, and said the 2d. for the "Ambyssinian war ought to be taken off," which war he exlpained to be the "great Indian war." They also represented that the society attacked the system of indirect taxation, whereas it has the contrary effect. The police of the West are looking after these gentlemen.

On Friday the first stone of the new Town Hall at Wolverhampton was laid by the Mayor. The new building will be erected upon the site of the present Town Hall, facing North-street, the site being much enlarged by the removal of several of the adjoining houses; and a new street, bounding one side, will be opened, from North-street to Red Lion-street. The new buildings are divided into two portions; the main or principal, facing North-street, contains the courts, council chamber, and various offices required in the new Town Hall; that portion of the building in the rear, with frontages to Red Lion-street and the new street, being devoted chiefly to the police barracks, fire engines, &c.

The Post-office authorities are actively proceeding with the arrangements necessitated by the impending transfer of the telegraphs to that department. At Lincoln the new telegraph office is expected to be located in Guildhall-street, as near the Post-office as possible, the wires being continued thereto from the post which is about midway between the High-street and The Holmes. Alterations have been commenced at the Leicester Post-office for the accommodation of the new branch of postal business; the contract has been let to Messrs. Neale and Son, and Mr. G. Reavell will act as clerk of the works. In Suffolk, Essex, &c., the extensions involved by the new system are being carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Sach. Several small towns and villages will be put in telegraphic communication with larger places.

A couple of swindlers have succeeded in easing a "greenhorn" of about £25 at Sheffield. The victim, named Hamlet Lovett, a Nottingham man, was accosted in the street by a well-dressed person, who evinced great simplicity of manner, and also a desire to learn all he could of Lovett. The adjournment to a public-house, usual in these cases, next took place, when the confederate, described as a tall, elderly gentleman, entered, calling for some drink. The plot went on smoothly, and presently they succeeded in piquing Lovett's pride by an exhibition of their money. Finally, Lovett went home and fetched all the money he could find, and rejoined the parties at another public-house, and there was induced to lend the "elderly gentleman" £24 10s., after having seen his first acquaintance do the same. It is needless to say that neither money nor men have since been heard of.—*Nottingham Daily Guardian.*

The Mayor of Wolverhampton (M. Ironmonger, Esq.), and the Mayoress, gave, on Friday, a grand entertainment to upwards of 300 ladies and gentlemen at the Exchange, Wolverhampton, in celebration of the laying of the stone of the new Town Hall, and to commemorate the South Staffordshire Exhibition. A sumptuous repast was served in the body of the hall, by Messrs. Wickham and Pickmere (late Spiers and Pond), of Birmingham, to upwards of 200 gentlemen, comprising members of the municipal body and officers, clergymen, and other ministers of religion, noblemen, and others officially connected with the Exhibition, private friends of the Mayor, &c. Early in the evening about 100 ladies, invited by the Mayor and Mayoress, arrived, and having partaken of coffee in an ante-room, were conducted to the galleries, from which they witnessed the after-dinner proceedings. In the orchestra Mr. Power's concert party were stationed, accompanied by Aptommas, the celebrated Welsh harpist, whose performances elicited hearty expressions of satisfaction. The Mayor presided, and several speeches were made in the course of the evening.

A shocking suicide is reported by the *Nottingham Guardian*. The Rev. Herbert R. Hand, second master of the Grammar School at Newark, 25 years of age, entered on his duties at that school on Saturday week. He was observed to be depressed, but the head master, the Rev. H. Plater, thought it arose from a violent cold from which he was suffering. He had been at Oxford, his home was at Exeter, and he had the best testimonials—one from the Dean of St. Paul's, London, speaking highly of his mental qualifications and goodness of heart. Deceased went up to a railway porter on Wednesday night, and asked, "Which side does the express run?" He replied, "This side, sir." Whereupon deceased said, "Thank you." He appeared quite rational and free from excitement. Thomas Fletcher, the guard of a goods train, in passing saw something like a man lying across the metals. It was near Newark station, and at first he thought it was a dog. The body of deceased was afterwards found on the spot indicated, completely cut in two. No letters were found upon him, only three pieces of lead pencil and twopence. At the inquest a verdict of "Temporary insanity" was returned.

The Rev. Mr. Weatman, curate of Stoke Rochford, got up from his tea on Sunday night, and was noticed on Thursday evening wandering about the neighbourhood of Sproxton, but has not been seen since. The ponds have been dragged and the plantations searched for the missing gentleman, but as yet without success. He is 5 feet 9 inches in height, pale complexion, brown hair and whiskers, dressed in long, black, surtout coat, dark trousers, and black wide-awake hat.—*Lincoln Standard.*

On Saturday morning the town of Chesterfield was thrown into a state of excitement by the sad intelligence that Mr. Luke Ludlam, colliery proprietor, had committed suicide. It appears that Mr. Ludlam requested his man to load his gun on Friday evening, for the purpose of shooting some small birds; that he took the gun with him into his bedroom, and about eight o'clock on Saturday morning, as soon as Mrs. Ludlam left the room, he got out of bed, and placing the end of the barrel in his mouth, he moved the trigger with his foot, when the gun was discharged, and the contents almost shattered his head to pieces. Death was of course instantaneous. As soon as the report was heard, several members of the family were alarmed, and when the cause of their alarm was known, their grief was of the most heartrending description. It is rumoured that the unfortunate gentleman's mind had been unsettled of late, owing to the colliery works which he was erecting proving unfortunate speculations. An inquest was held on Monday, before Mr. Busby, coroner, when a verdict of temporary insanity was returned.—*Derby Mercury.*

Friday saw the last of the South Staffordshire Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition, which, after being opened for the whole of the summer months, closed its doors on the afternoon of the above day with an appropriate ceremonial. The building was crowded by a fashionable audience. In the absence of Lord Lichfield, the President of the Association, the Earl of Dartmouth presided. The chorus, "Sing unto God" (Handel), was performed by a choir composed mainly of members of the Wolverhampton Festival Choral Society (conductor, Mr. Hayward), accompanied by the organ, after which the Earl of Dartmouth called upon the Secretary to read a report descriptive of the inauguration and conduct of the Exhibition. Major Loveridge stated that (approximately) £1,200 would be realised by the Exhibition for the benefit of the South Staffordshire Educational Association and the Wolverhampton School of Art. The receipts of the Exhibition up to Thursday amounted to £8,541 19s. 11d., and the expenses to £7,183 13s. 9d., leaving a balance of £1,358 9s. 2d., but there would be a good deal of expense connected with removals; and the committee were of opinion that when the matter came to be finally wound up there would be a balance of £1,200 to be devoted to the purposes of education. Lord Wrottesley, Mr. H. Cole, C.B., the Mayor of Wolverhampton, and Mr. Kettle having spoken, the Earl of Dartmouth declared the Exhibition closed.

Early on Saturday morning two goods trains came into collision at Dudley Port, on the Stour Valley Branch of the London and North-Western Railway. At the station there is a junction which leads into Dudley upon the high level. A goods train was commg down to Dudley branch, and was making for a siding at the Dudley Port, just as the fast goods from Birmingham to Liverpool was passing without stopping. By some unexplained mishap the fore driving wheels of the Dudley train got off the rails at the point of junction with the main line, and dashing across the metals, rushed into the centre of the Liverpool goods train. The force was so terrifie that the latter became severed, five trucks were shattered, and eleven others considerably damaged. The trucks and their contents stood a confused pyramid of broken iron and woodwork commingled with treacle, sugar, cigars, brass cartridge cases, frying pans, bellows, stationery, coal, and other commodities, whilst climbing up the side of the whole there was the engine of the Dudley goods train, tolerably intact, its driver still with his hand upon the regulating gearing, but pretty well deluged with the contents of his tender, which had escaped from its shattered sides. Close at hand lay the stoker, with a wounded face, which he had got as he fell forward upon the rails when, leaping from his place by the side of the driver, he tried to escape what seemed to be the inevitable death which was staring him in the face. The escape of both men was exceedingly narrow, and a cause for no little surprise. Seldom has a line presented such an appearance as that of Dudley Port on Saturday morning.

The career of Fanny Baker, whose case has attracted a good deal of local attention, has been stopped. On Saturday she was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. It will be remembered that this young woman, who is only 26 years of age, not remarkable for good looks, and but imperfectly educated, induced two respectable tradesmen to marry her by means of a system of daring and clever impositions, the object of which was in each case to prove herself the heiress of large sums of money. The charge of bigamy against her has not yet been gone into, and the prosecution of enquiries has brought to light facts of a still more extraordinary character than those already disclosed. She was equal to the task of keeping up, under the eyes of her husband, a fictitious correspondence with gentlemen of the highest position in Staffordshire—supposed to be trustees on her behalf—and of intercepting and using for her own purposes genuine correspondence. A respectable solicitor was deceived by one copy of a will which she produced, and for a time took her part, when its genuineness began to be doubted. Personation by another girl was resorted to when her own presence would have disclosed the secret. As will be remembered, she induced her second husband to marry her on the faith of a will purporting to have been made by a member of the Chetwynd family, leaving her £1,900 and an estate near Stafford. The difficulty in the way of a prosecution for bigamy is that Baker, the first husband, cannot be found. Only a month before the second marriage he left Birmingham. There are strong grounds for believing that he is still in England, and should he be discovered, Baker will be brought from the Penitentiary and be put on her trial for bigamy. Mr. Stockwell has received letters from the gaol in which the prisoner solemnly asserts that there is a secret connected with her birth not yet discloesd.

THE GOSSIP.

"Ion," a new burlesque, has been produced at the Strand Theatre, with new music by Mr. Frank Musgrave.

Dr. Westland Marston has made some progress with an original drama in which Mr. Sothern will appear at the Haymarket.

A story is current in Paris that M. Gounod has gone to Rome in order to conduct the orchestra at the festival ceremonies of the Council-tide!

Miss Bateman has returned to Booth's Theatre as *Leah*. Miss Pauline Markham took a benefit recently at the Tammany Hall. Among the bouquets she received was, it is said, one five feet in height.

Mr. B. Jerrold's new work—"The Christian Vagabond," part of the fruit of the author's European explorations among the poor—will first appear in a serial form, commencing in the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Mr. Lodge has adapted for the English stage a modern German drama (in five acts and in verse), yet unacted if not unaccepted, to which he has given the title of "Won—Not Wooed." The two principal characters have been designed for Mr. Hermann Vezin and Miss Neilson.

Mrs. Norton, to whom the sympathizing review of Mrs. Stowe's "True Story" in the *Times* was absurdly attributed, has, with a not unbecoming earnestness, denied the authorship of the review, and declared her antagonism to its sentiments. In the progress of this filthy scandal, by which gold has been coined out of human suffering, the mystery has arrived at this point: the *Quarterly* shows that Lady Byron was addressing Lord Byron's sister as *her* dear sister and comforter, at the very time when, according to Mrs. Stowe, Lady Byron was charging her husband and his half-sister with a crime outraging God and Nature.—*Athenæum.*

In the *Atlantic Almanack*, just published, appears a poem in blank verse entitled "The Mystic," signed by the Poet-laureate. The poem is given as a new one; but "The Editor of Tennysoniana" writes to the *Echo* as follows:—"The poem of 'The Mystic,' by Alfred Tennyson, copied into your columns of yesterday from an American publication, can hardly with propriety be called 'new.' It originally appeared, nearly forty years ago, in the poet's first acknowledged volume, published by Effingham Wilson in 1830 (now worth its weight in gold), and was one of the many juvenile pieces withdrawn, after mature consideration, from later collections."

It appears that the ensuing Italian opera campaign is not to be, like the last, without an opposition. As in the season 1867-8, Drury-lane Theatre will be devoted to opera, and within the last few days arrangements have been made by the new impresario, Mr. Wood, with the following distinguished artists:—Mesdames Nilsson, Ilma de Murska, Monbelli, Trebelli, and Volpini; Signori Mongini, Gardoni, Bettini, Santley, Verger, and Foli. The conductor is to be Signor Arditi, and Mr. Wood will be assisted in the management by Mr. Jarrett. The theatre is to undergo various alterations, in order to be refitted for the requirements of an Italian opera season.

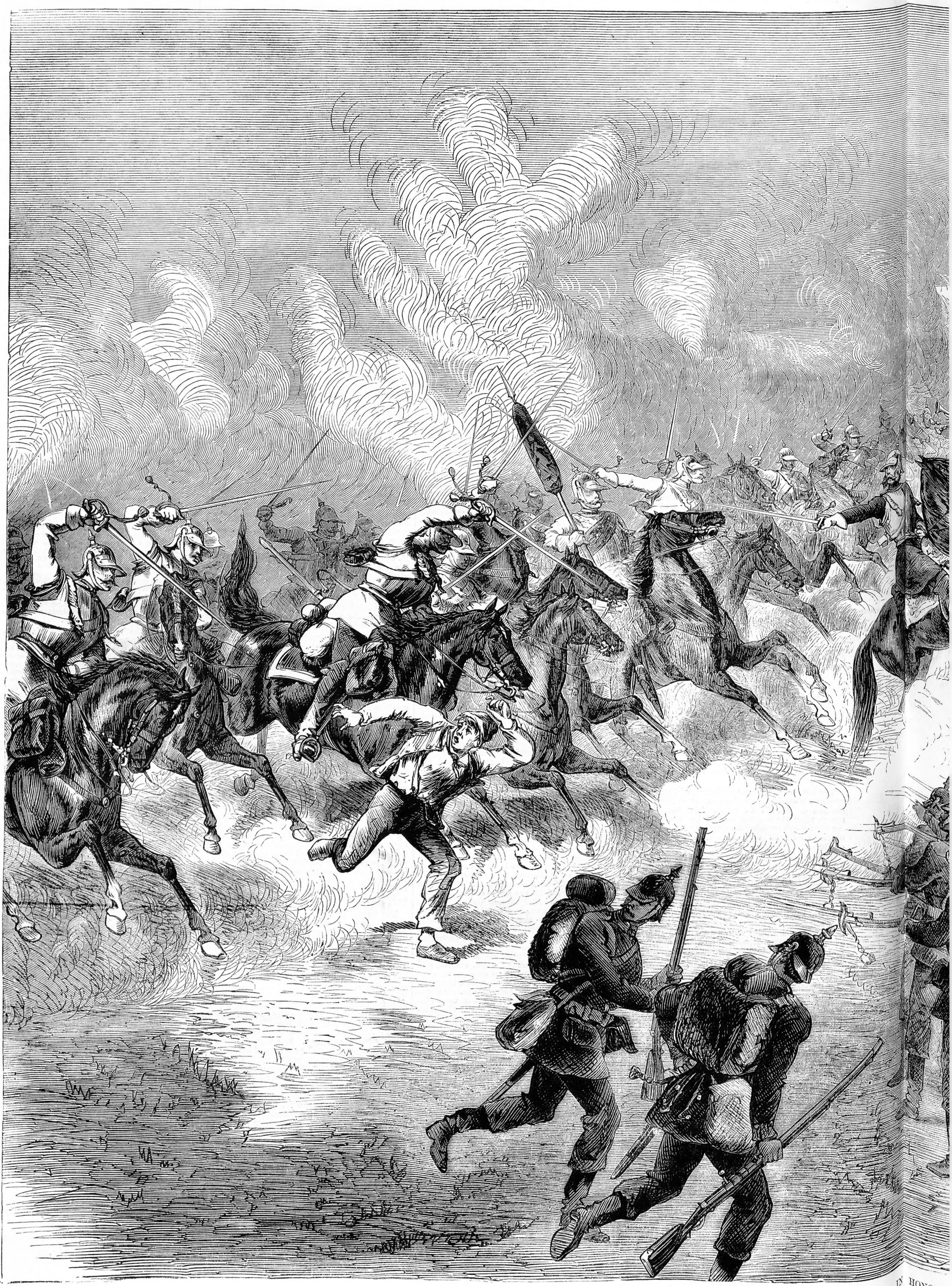
Hostile elements are busy about the Princess's Theatre. That house suddenly closed after the Saturday performance, to the astonishment of everybody connected with it; and it is said that an action will be brought against Mr. Boucicault for non-delivery of the play with which the Princess's season should have opened. The name of this drama was to have been "Jezebel"—number two of the "Formosa" series, and the second exemplification that Mr. Boucicault, to use his own words, "has opened this thoroughfare and means to keep it open." Altogether, what with free fights among opera-singers in the provinces, and legal warfare at home, the theatrical community seems in a very exasperated state.—*Orchestra.*

Hitherto the MS. score of one of Mozart's great operas has been better cared for than Alcuin's manuscript. A friend, who is known for the interest he takes in Mozart's writings, gives us a pleasant account of the courteous manner in which the original autograph score of "Don Giovanni" was placed at his disposal by Madame Viardot Garcia, at her villa at Baden-Baden. This priceless treasure is preserved by its fortunate possessor with the most enthusiastic reverence and care. It is handsomely bound, in parts, and kept in a carved oak case, securely locked, and fastened to the wall of the building. Madame Viardot is at all times willing to show it to anyone coming properly introduced. It has been pointed out to her that at present it would be exposed to destruction in case of fire; and, in all probability, it will be placed for the future in a fireproof safe—a very proper precaution, considering the great value of the manuscript to the world at large.—*Athenæum.*

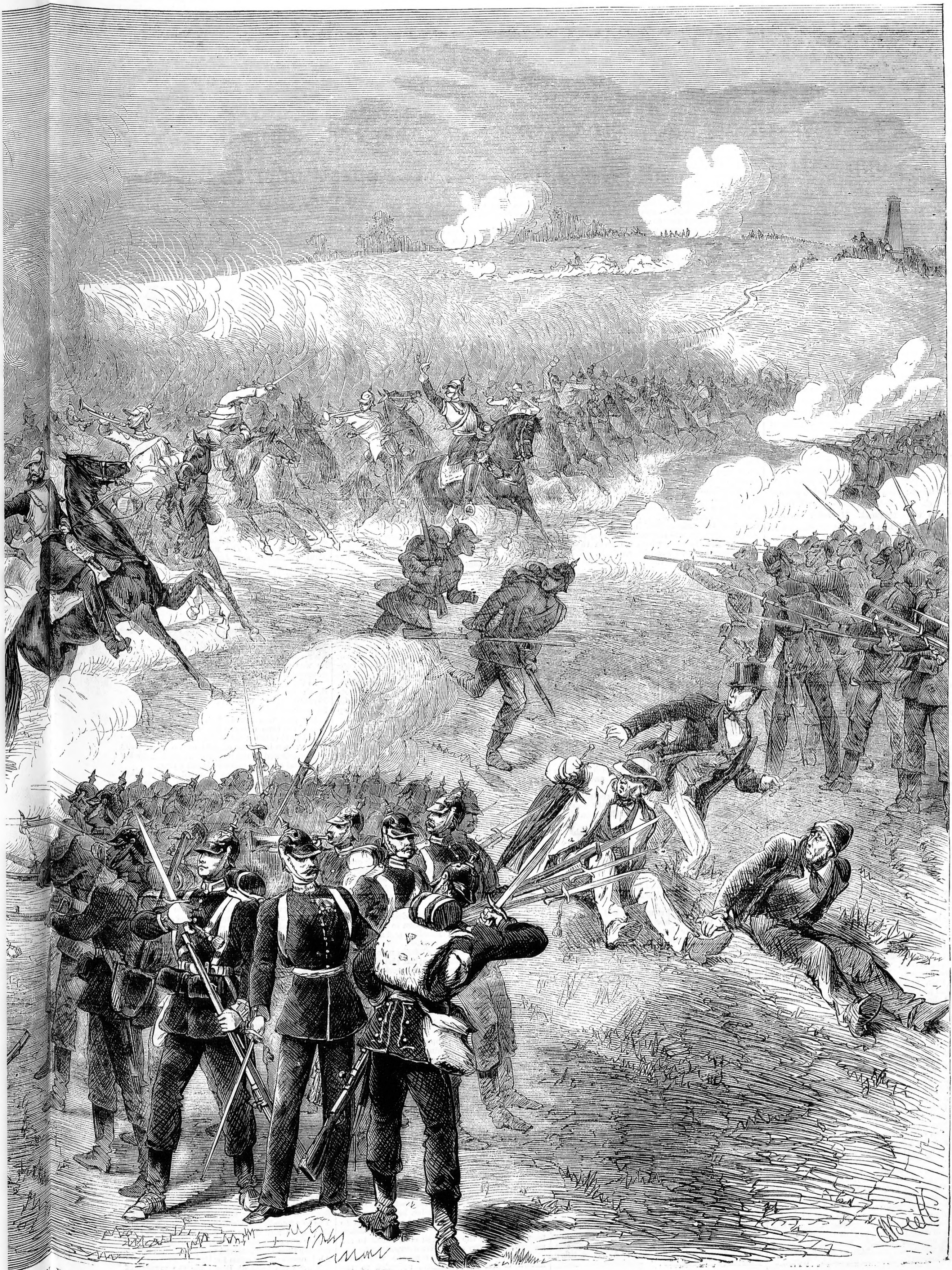
The Haymarket Theatre re-opened on Monday week with a new comedy, called "New Men and Old Acres," by Messrs. Tom Taylor and Dubourg. "New Men and Old Acres" (says the *Athenæum*) has a simple and very interesting plot, and much freshness of characterization. In outline the characters are, indeed, sufficiently familiar. A country gentleman, whose estate is mortgaged to its full value, his neighbour, rich and vulgar, ready to profit by his adversity, and not sorry to revenge the unintentional rebuke which good breeding constantly inflicts upon ignorance and want of taste, with other like personages, are almost as common in modern comedy as a slave or a parasite in the comedy of Terence, or a *Grazioso* in that of Spain. But in the filling-out there is much originality and vigour. The chief defect in the comedy is assignable to want of keeping and imperfect construction. The heroine, as played by Miss Madge Robertson, is, according to our contemporary, one of the most attractive girls that was ever the heroine of a domestic comedy. The other parts are satisfactorily filled by Mr. Buckstone, sen., Mr. Howe, Mr. Buckstone, jun., Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Caroline Hill, and Mrs. Chippendale.

"L'Homme qui Rit," which is appearing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, is exciting considerable discussion just now. The *Times* has had several letters upon the translation. The reviewer argues that some of the French is not fit to translate. But the editor of the magazine has promised that the story *shall* be fit to read. It is not easy to understand how the difficulty will be got over. There are several hands and heads engaged upon the translation. Mr. E. S. Dallas, of the *Times*, is the chief of this staff. The idea of introducing the tale into England was his, they say. Mr. Joseph Hatton's writings are altogether free from immoralities in the bad sense of the term; and he promised in the *Athenæum* that "L'Homme qui Rit" in the *Gentleman's* should be somewhat expurgated. We hope he will be strong enough to guide his difficult team to that end. What will he do with the loves of Dea and Gwynplaine, and of Josiane and the Grinning Man? That remains to be seen. The translation is in most competent hands, the illustrations are pretty good, and the story is certainly very novel in its English dress. Victor Hugo got £12,000 for the copyright from his Brussels publishers, and £3,000 or £4,000, it is said, from Messrs. Bradbury and Evans and the *Gentleman's Magazine.* Some parts of the story, as the extracts we have given testify, are written with extraordinary eloquence and vigour.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

Sir R. Phillimore gave on Saturday an interlocutory judgment in the case of the Rev. Mr. Bennett, vicar of Frome. His judgment was that the articles must be reformed so as to exclude the charge of heresy, on the count of the reception of the Eucharist by the wicked. This would not, however, exclude the power of referring to any passages of the defendant's works to prove the other charges in the articles. His lordship gave leave to appeal.



GRAND REVIEW OF PRUSSIAN TROOPS IN HONOUR



ROOPS IN HONOUR OF THE KING. *(See page 150.)*

THE WATCHMAKER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. G. LINNÆUS BANKS,

Authoress of "God's Providence House," "Stung to the Quick," &c.

PART IV.

THE MODEL WATCH.

Hitherto she had remained comparatively passive in her father's hands: henceforth she grew rebellious. Instead of imploring and entreating as heretofore, she became angry and vehement, remonstrated, insisted on being released; affirmed that he had no right to detain her, that he kept her there against all law, and that he knew it; and in her very impotence she threatened him.

"I may be powerless to help myself, but the judgment of God will come upon you for your inhumanity some day—I know it will, I know it will."

"Threatened people live long," was her father's sole reply, as little moved by her passion as he had been by her tears.

She had never been a woman of strong mind, and what she had seemed likely to leave her; her temper grew fitful, varying from moodiness to storm, and her rare beauty faded with her hopes.

The Swiss Vaudubon, who left his mountains once or twice to visit the farm, obtained an inkling that all was not right, observed the wedding-ring which Emily had latterly resumed in defiance of opposition, and thereupon taxed Gerhard with deception. The old man told his version of the story; but the younger one, whose empty coffers had made wealthy beauty a sufficiently tempting bait to overpower all scruples of rank without troubling himself for the young lady's consent, had sufficient nobility to be shocked when he found he had been deemed capable of trampling on another man's rights.

The two got to high words, and the noble and nobler man departed indignantly, leaving the Clerkenwell watchmaker in high dudgeon.

With his departure a cloud settled upon Gerhard Vaudubon: even his idolised watch seemed to lose its charm. Between himself and Emily altercations were frequent. He aged rapidly; conscience pricked him; but his life-boast had been that he "never was defeated," and so the obstinate old man wound his lithe fingers together, set his teeth, and muttered "possession is nine-tenths of the law."

Three months had elapsed from the date of Jekyl's induction into the old watchmaker's business. His first instalment was due. He came to Bergues according to agreement to pay the sum into Vaudubon's own hands, and to report progress.

Gerhard met him at the railway station, convoyed him to the "Chapeau Rouge," but carefully avoided any possible danger of contact or collusion between him and the miserable young wife pining at the farm.

There were no other persons in the public room at the quiet inn when they went in, but in the very midst of their accounts and calculations two persons entered and seated themselves at an opposite table. They were Paul Verhamme and the miller Malmedy.

These men drank their *vin ordinaire* in comparative silence, whilst the conversation between the two watchmakers continued unbroken; nor had they been cognizant of these men's presence would it have been otherwise, since the new comers were known to be Belgians, and their conversation was carried on in English.

Gerhard's back was towards the other table, else his keen eyes would have noted in the new comers much which Jekyl only remembered when too late. Glances of intelligence passed between the twain, when Jekyl handed over to his former master a roll of crisp banknotes, which the recipient counted over with much precision ere he placed them in a well-worn pocket-book. Then the man Paul pricked up his ears when, the "patent" question being under discussion, the remarkable watch was produced and opened to illustrate some principle not fully comprehended by Jekyl, some peculiar movements on which the inventor based his right to a patent.

About this time the two men left the house.

After that, Jekyl, who had never held himself absolved from his tacit share in the separation of husband and wife since he witnessed the distress of Edward Avery, ventured, hap-hazard, upon dangerous ground. He dared to intercede for the severed pair, proclaimed how his own conscience smote him as the silent holder of a base secret; pictured the agony of the young man for the loss of his wife; his efforts to discover their retreat; spoke of Avery's business qualifications; of his exemplary life; combatted Gerhard's pugnacious belief that Avery was a tricky fortune-hunter; insisted that Edward even to that day remained ignorant that his father-in-law possessed any property beyond his rights in the business.

Contrary to Jekyl's expectation Vaudubon listened—moreover, he *promised* to think about it. Nevertheless he took good care to hurry his late foreman away, and never lost sight of him until he was borne off by the vanishing train.

Days are pretty long in September, yet it was dusk when Gerhard Vaudubon slowly left the platform to return home, apparently in a brown study. Jekyl's untutored eloquence had moved him more than he was willing to admit; besides, the old dreams of his wife and sons had latterly returned to scare him, a superstitious man. He began to think that he was old, that it would be hard to pass to the grave unloved, when a word of his might create a home such as he had never known since he left Lausanne. Jekyl's remark that "the only good of money was the good done with it, the comfort it bought," oppressed him. *His* money had done no good, bought comfort for no one—not even for himself. Who cared for the invention which had cost him so many years of patient thought?—not even his child. Would it be possible to surrender without owning himself defeated? He would go home and think of it.

Wrapt in thought, he had wandered out of his way into the very heart of the town, grey and cold in the deepening shadows. "It is too far to go back," said he to himself; "I'll e'en go by the canal side and up through the coppice. It's nearest, and, if it's lonely, why so are the streets at this hour. I shall get home the sooner."

Aye—and no.

They are honest people in Bergues, apt to leave their doors on the latch, and are not troubled to want the luxury of a lock. Not so confiding was Gerhard Vaudubon: he imported some *outré* English notions respecting "locks, bolts, and bars;" and whenever he was likely to remain late in an evening carried with him the key of a substantial spring lock, fitted to the door by his own hand. Its removal from its nail was a signal well understood by Madame Brille, and which Emily had not been slow to observe.

Antoine and his aunt had been busy all day gathering grapes and apples for the next day's market; she had therefore been left in the house alone—an opportunity long desired. Cautiously she stole to her father's room to resume a search often commenced and as often interrupted—the search for her passport and money for a journey. He had an old-fashioned oak cabinet, scrupulously kept locked. By some mischance he had left the key in a waistcoat pocket, and with its help she found all and more than she needed. There was gold in abundance—Napoleons and sovereigns both—mortgages, bills of exchange, bonds, coupons, title deeds—enough, and more than enough, to prove her father's boast of wealth no fable.

She hastily replaced all papers but the one, counted out twenty pieces of gold, resolving to repay it some day, and returned to her own room to await nightfall.

Madame and Antoine had barely basketed their fruit when the vesper bell sounded from church and convent in the distance. Impatiently Emily sat out the lingering supper, assisted to clear away, and inwardly chafed when Antoine sat down to smoke and talk. She thought they would never go to bed.

At length Antoine yawned, put out his pipe, stumbled up the ladder to his bed in the attic, and Madame Brille mounted her high mattrasses, and closed the blue check curtains. She was fat, and soon snored heavily. The nasal trumpet was Emily's signal. She stepped from her room, drew back the spring bolt as the clock was on the stroke of ten, and, with a bundle on her arm, passed out into the night, closing the door softly behind her.

She knew the gate creaked on its hinges, and, striving to open it quietly, dropped the latch and increased the noise. Her heart beat, but the sleepers slept on, and she walked briskly forward so as to cross the path which led from the high road before her father should reach it. With a beating heart she trod the field-path to the canal, little conscious that her father, by a strange fatality—the very softening of his soul towards herself—had chosen that for his homeward route.

Unused to be out after night-fall, brought up in the heart of London, the silence of the country at that hour was appalling. Every sound startled her; if a moth glanced past, or a humming beetle droned close to her ear, she shrank within herself: once a long-eared bat drove blindly against her face and she cried out. Her own voice terrified her more than all; but she took herself to task, and with fresh courage stepped forward."

She had gained the shadow of the straggling fringe of coppice, when she heard approaching footsteps and voices. Not daring either to go on or to return, she left the narrow path, and wound amongst the bushes so as to gain the canal bank some distance ahead.

Barely had she left the sheltering bushes than she heard sounds which chilled her. The thud of heavy blows, a scuffle, a faint cry of "Murder" on the night air, another blow, a crash through the thicket as of a falling body, and then—silence.

What hideous deed had been perpetrated she knew not, dreamed not; her own safety was her sole thought, as she flew rather than ran along the towing path.

Weary in body and mind, oppressed with the weight of a murderous knowledge, she approached Dunkirk about half-an-hour after midnight—too late to seek lodgings without exciting suspicion. Under a ricketty old shed outside the town she found shelter until the marvellous chimes followed by the hour and the bell for the Angelus told her that the world was awake.

Her few words of French, backed by a gold Napoleon, procured her a breakfast; but the tide did not serve for the London boat until evening, and she spent the intermediate hours in extreme trepidation. The time did pass however. Her passport was all right;—the boat lay alongside the pier—black smoke and white steam poured from rival funnels—she stepped on board—thanked God that she was safe—was drawn back by a gend'arme—was charged with a crime from whose very echo her soul shrank appalled.

Picture the amazement of Madame Brille and her nephew in the morning on discovering that Mdlle. Vaudubon had escaped during the night, and that Monsieur, her father, had not returned home! Fat as she was she hurried hither and thither in ludicrous agitation, giving contradictory orders to Antoine, and cuffs to Pierre, the boy who came every morning to do odd jobs about the farm.

What could she say to Monsieur when he came home? Ah, lucky thought, perhaps Antoine might overtake the runaway and save herself from everlasting disgrace. He must not delay—he must haste—he must run!

Quite as unwilling to risk the anger of Monsieur Vaudubon as was Madame, Antoine set forth at the top of his speed towards the canal, sending Pierre off at a tangent to the high road. Rain had fallen heavily two days previously; the ground was soft; he saw the print of a little foot before him, and knew he was on the track.

Ah, what was that crowd within the coppice? Surely Mdlle. was found, Monsieur would rejoice!

Filled with his one idea, Antoine called out pantingly as he neared the group—"You have caught Mdlle.? You have the runaway young lady? You—No! Mon Dieu! What is this? Horreur! 'tis Monsieur!"

Yes, Monsieur Vaudubon, murdered and plundered!

The group around the murdered man was composed of market people travelling by the "Jean Bart," then moored close to the bank. One of the women had observed something like a man's foot concealed amongst the bushes; other eyes and voices confirmed hers. Men leapt hastily on land and to their dismay brought to light a battered corpse, recognised by more than one as he who had alighted near that very sport three months before in company with a downcast young English girl.

Just as this discovery was made, Antoine, leaving the path, came dashing through the bushes in eager expectation, only to be paralyzed with horror at the unexpected sight.

Presently the garde champêtre were on the spot, the place was examined, the body removed, and Antoine followed by the bulk of the crowd carried before the Mayor of the Commune; where they were speedily joined by Madame Brille in a state of extreme agitation. From the statements of herself and Antoine, made in all honesty and good faith, Emily was suspected as the murderess, and on the accuser's *procès verbal*, the gens d'arme were set on the unfortunate woman's track.

We saw how she was captured, with one foot on the steamer which she expected was to bear her back to happiness. We did not see the sudden revulsion of feeling, the recoil at the imputation, the shock of the charge itself all working at once upon her.

With a cry like nothing earthly she gasped, "Murdered, murdered—surely not close to the canal?"

It was an unfortunate exclamation. "Ah! Madamoiselle, you seem to know all about it," remarked one of the gens d'arme, as she, overpowered by so many conflicting emotions fainted and was carried in that condition back to the pier.

She was taken without delay before a *Juge d'instruction*, and through the medium of a sworn interpreter examined. In vain she protested her innocence, everything she said in her own defence tended to involve her.

Madame Brille had affirmed that Mdlle. had "no money whatever; not a sous," yet in searching her a quantity of both French and English coin was found, and Gerhard's pockets had been rifled. For her footprints amongst the bushes Emily accounted by saying that she had crept into their midst to avoid some persons who would otherwise have met her in the path.

She emphatically denied having threatened her father, Madame Brille as emphatically asserting the contrary, and repeating the words employed. Madame knew more English than Emily had credited her with—quite enough to be dangerous.

It so happened that like many solitary persons the desolate girl had acquired a habit of talking to herself, and with one subject ever before her mind had frequently repeated her father's threat towards Edward, "I will be the death of him, he shall rue it!" This in conjunction with her open denunciation of the "Judgment of God," was sufficiently condemnatory.

Yet, no blood had been found on the girl's dress or person, and the blows had apparently been struck by a powerful hand, wielding a blunt instument. She was too slight to have dealt any such; nor could she unassisted havs dragged the body from the scene of the struggle to its hiding place, at least thirty yards away. Besides Vaudubon's watch was still missing.

It was plain she must have had an accomplice, if not more, as there were other and larger footprints than hers about the scene of the struggle, she was therefore urged to give him or them up to justice.

The course of criminal law in England is all in favour of the accused, who is held to be innocent until found guilty. In France it is otherwise; the accused is considered and treated as if guilty until proved innocent.

On this principle, Emily Avery, was sent to prison at Douai to await her trial, and notwithstanding her unmistakeable condition, consigned to a narrow dungeon without light or air beyond what came through an aperture the size of a brick.

There she lay quite two months in solitary confinement, only brought into daylight for the application of the moral thumb-screw known as "preliminary examinations."

Brow-beaten, catechised, perplexed with cross-questions, urged to confess by promises, threatened with further incarceration for contumacy, wrought to frenzy, the *juge d' instruction* obtained from this innocent young creature all he required—a confession.

This was followed by two days' delirium, during which the hapless prisoner so soon to be a mother attempted her own life. Bleeding and a straight-jacket were the remedies applied.

Brought before the *Cour d' Assize* no one would have known her for the beautiful girl who seven months before had married in secret, only to repent at leisure. Her hair once so rich and glossy had the hue and aspect of tangled hemp, her eyes once so deep a violet were light and lustreless, therefore pronounced cold and cruel by prejudging spectators. Her features, pinched, colourless, and rigid, were in like manner declared "hard and stern."

The *Greffier* read the long *acte d'accusation* in which she, Emily Vaudubon, calling herself Avery, was charged with conspiring, aiding, and abetting, with persons not in custody, in the murder and robbery of Gerhard Vaudubon, her own father. The president of the court questioned her (of course through an interpreter), witnesses (all dead against her) were examined, and finally her own extorted confession was produced.

There she owned herself the murderess, but declined to implicate anyone else. It was all-sufficient. Though nothing, absolutely nothing, to connect her with the terrible deed could be proved beyond the bad terms on which the deceased and prisoner had lived, the so-called threats she had uttered, the gold in her pocket, the possession of her passport, the time and manner of her secret flight, her footprints to and around the scene of the murder, her exclamation when arrested, (all of which she attempted to explain,) she was, on her written confession, found guilty by the jury and condemned to the galleys for life (*travoux forcés à perpétuité)*.

When the unexpected sentence was made known to her she screamed, appealed to the court, declared her confession was extorted under compulsion, and *false;* and exclaimed that—"*whenever her father's watch was found, the true murderer would be found:* she was as much a victim as her father had been!"

Justice was inexorable; people shrugged their shoulders, and the prisoner writhing in mental and bodily agony was borne away exclaiming—"God and man have deserted me!"

She was mistaken. Into the narrow cell where her immature babe was born, and for want of common care died within a week, news of the outer world never penetrated, but within that week two events transpired which however they might affect others wrought only good for her.

Jekyl (or Mr. Jekyl as he was then called) transacting business with a watchmaker in Ostend had his attention attracted to a very remarkable watch, which had been offered for sale and purchased as a curiosity about two months previously. Jekyl at once recognised the watch as Vaudubon's, declared that the owner would never have parted with it save with life; put many close questions respecting the seller, announced his suspicion of foul-play, and being no niggard, offered to defray all expenses if Doise the watchmaker would accompany him at once to Bergues, bearing the watch with him.

They found the town in commotion. *Another murder had been perpetrated the preceding night!* Madame Brille and Monsieur Vaudubon's names were on every tongue, and in less than half-an-hour the strangers were possessed of the facts of both murders as far as they were known.

The boy Pierre going as usual to his work had found the door wide open, Antoine bleeding, but sensible, at the foot of the ladder-stairs; Madame Brille, quite dead, on the floor by her bed-side, and the whole house in disorder.

He at once spread the alarm, medical aid was procured, Antoine's procés verbal taken, and gens-d'-arme set to guard the farm from intrusion.

Antoine, who had never slept soundly since their landlord was killed, had lain awake thinking of the poor young creature who had seemed so harmless when she came there first, and wondering whether she really could have done so much mischief at the last. Suddenly he was disturbed by the creaking of the garden gate, and the turn of a key in the spring lock. He jumped out of bed, armed himself from his ready stores with a pruning knife, and descended the ladder to find two men already in the room, which was lit up by the moonlight streaming through the open door.

Before he could turn round both sprang upon him, and, although he wounded one of them, his weapon was wrested from him, and himself struck down.

His aunt, roused by the din, recognised the men, who at once turned upon her. Antoine grew faint with loss of blood, and distinguished sounds no more. The men, he averred, were Paul Verhamme and Jean Malmedy; and he affirmed, moreover, that whoever had *that key*, and knew *the lock it fitted*, murdered Monsieur Vaudubon, who had carried the key with him the night he was killed.

The house had been ransacked, Vaudubon's cabinet broken open, its contents despoiled; and one of the depredators had left a thumb behind him on the kitchen floor, and was consequently a marked man.

Antoine's wounds were deep and dangerous; his recovery slow and doubtful; but long before he was able to go about the two men he had denounced were in safe keeping.

In the outset, Jekyl, absolved by Vaudubon's death from oath or promise, telegraphed to Edward Avery, who was with him in less than forty-eight hours.

His wife was found—but, alas! how? The rule of red tape extends far and wide: the rule of red gold extends farther and wider. A message written in letters of gold on an open palm had penetrated to the dungeon where a babe lay dead, and a young mother almost dying.

It told her she was *not* deserted, and bade her "hope." It was the first light which had dawned on her soul for many weary months. Under its influence she slowly rallied.

A second brief message followed, to tell that her *husband* was exerting himself to prove her innocence.

And now Emily no longer desponded. That she was found by her husband was joy in itself; that he would prove her innocence she never doubted. She never questioned his power to achieve whatsoever he attempted, and calculated his influence over others by the influence he ever had over herself.

Meanwhile Avery and Jekyl were less sanguine than the prisoner. They had little more than hope to work upon, for not knowing all that has been revealed to the reader, and finding at every step their imperfect knowledge of the language an impediment to enquiry, even the sanguine and energetic young husband felt his spirits flag at times.

Doise, the Belgian watchmaker, had gone back to Ostend and his own business, leaving the watch behind in the hands of the authorities, with a full description of the person who had sold it to him; a portrait which the police had no difficulty in fitting with a name, and that "*Paul Verhamme.*"

Antoine had been left for dead. No sooner was his existence noised abroad than the assassins fled in contrary directions, Vaudubon's gold aiding their escape. They were arrested, however, within twelve hours of each other, subjected to the customary process, and, under its salutary administration, made each a confession, throwing as much guilt on his comrade and as little on himself as possible, but thoroughly exculpating the old man's daughter from any participation in their crime. Vaudubon had owned too much property in Bergues to pass for a poor man there; and the robbery of the miser at the farm had been planned on the very night of their arrival, when Verhamme had taken the opportunity of his volunteer porterage to survey the premises. Bolts and bars made the attempt unpromising, and postponed it. The chance sight of Vaudubon's gold watch, and the notes paid over by Jekyl to him at the *Chapeau Rouge*, had stimulated the rogue's cupidity and hastened his own end. The key found upon Gerhard gave them a chance they were not likely to throw away; and no sooner was some one else fairly convicted of the murder than they resolved to try their luck again. Ah! once and too often for them.

They were tried at Douai for the murder of

Madame Brille and the attempted murder of Antoine.

Edward Avery was in Court, following the case with eager anxiety, much worn and aged since he stood in that quiet Islington church, radiant with hope and happiness, his newly-made wife by his side.

Doise also was there, and Jekyl, who, feeling that his wife had sown the seeds of all these disasters, had done all he could to make reparation. His purse, though not too deep, had been opened freely.

The door-key was produced in court, and the lock; both were of peculiar construction, in fact had been Vaudubon's own contrivance, had been made in England, and no duplicates were known to be extant in France. This supposition was backed by Antoine's affirmation that that was the self-same key Gerhard Vaudubon carried, attested by his indicating two notches on the stem as a token. Gerhard's watch was then produced, Jekyl identifying that, and Doise the man Verhamme who sold it to him. Moreover Vaudubon's old pocket-book had been found in company with a heap of such relics in the now deserted mill, so that even had the prisoners not confessed to the murder of Gerhard Vaudubon there was sufficient evidence to inculpate them. Jekyl at once recognized them as the two men present at the Chapeau Rouge on the 5th of August, when he paid his notes over, and examined the watch.

Their conviction of the murder of Madame Brille, the desperate wounding of Antoine and the robbery at the farm, did not however, even in conjunction with their confessions, release Emily, but the execution of her sentence was deferred. Brought before the Court of Cassation the complicated case was reconsidered, the conflicting judgments were annulled, and a fresh trial was appointed.

It was weary waiting for the impatient husband, longing so eagerly for the release of his cherished wife; still more weary waiting for the condemned woman in her cell, whose innocence had yet to be proved.

The day of trial came. Emily was once more brought up as a prisoner. On beholding her husband in the court she shrieked and fainted. He, separated from her, could hardly control his emotion.

She recovered consiousness to find Paul Verhame and his nominal master Malmedy arraigned there also, but this time she had many friends in the court, the tide had turned in her favour, and little remained but to acquit her of complicity.

In answer to the President's interrogations why she admitted the murder if not guilty, it transpired that she had been incarcerated in a dismal hole, deprived of air and exercise, threatened with still more rigorous treatment if obdurate; and dreading lest her infant should be born in such a dungeon, declared herself guilty to save herself and babe from its horrors, and that immediateiy thereupon her mind gave way.

A searching enquiry was made by the Procureur-General: gaoler, doctor, interpreter, all were interrogated; their reluctant evidence confirming hers.

A confession extorted from fears which produced temporary insanity, and which wanted other corroboration, was *void;* to say nothing of the exculpatory confessions of the actual murderers Verhamme and Malmedy.

These men were justly condemned and paid the penalty of their crimes, but poor persecuted Emily was restored to the husband so anxiously awaiting her release, and from whom she had been separated so long.

If suffering so acute and prolonged as theirs did not intensify the bliss of reunion, what could?

They were not, however, alone in their joy: it was shared by Jekyl and the good friends in London to whom a telegram conveyed the glad tidings.

Antoine, too, whose shrewd remark about the key had suggested and elicited so much, had also reason to rejoice with them. The farm was made over to him as a possession.

There was no knowing what had been carried off by the robbers beyond the loose cash. Sufficient, however, remained to enrich the young couple, who put their wealth to better purpose than its original possessor.

The watch has never been fully patented, never exhibited, save under a glass case in their own drawing-room. Their children are simply told that it was "Grandpapa's invention," but neither Edward nor Emily in their happiness care to revive the painful and tragic story connected with either the model watch or the Watchmaker's Daughter.

[THE END.]

It is stated that the Garter vacant by Lord Derby's death will most probably be given to the Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marshal of England.

William Price, a labourer, of Sheffield, nearly lost his life on Friday. He was stirring a cauldron of boiling tar, when his clothes caught fire, and he was enveloped in flames. Some women put out the fire.

IMPORTANT SEWING MACHINE PATENT CASE.—*The Willcox and Gibbs' Sewing Machine Company* v. *William Stirling and Sons, Glasgow.*—In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, on Wednesday, the Lords, on the motion of the pursuers, applied the verdict of the jury in this cause, awarding damages and costs to the pursuers; also interdicting and prohibiting the defenders from further infringement of pursuers' patent rights.

THE LATE LORD DERBY.—We are informed, on the best authority, that Lord Derby's last illness began with an ordinary attack of gout. The acute symptons subsided, and his lordship appeared to be on the eve of convalescence, when a subacute form of *mucoenterite* supervened. At first there was restlessness, which soon passed into a state of semicoma, with inability to take food. In this state his lordship lay several days, and, without change, finally sank, exhausted. It has been remarked that no London physician of eminence was called in consultation. This is, however, not the case, as Dr. Gull saw Lord Derby in consultation with Mr. Gorst and Mr. Miller, the gentlemen who attended his lordship throughout his illness.—*British Medical Journal.*

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

The old nursery story of "Babes in the Wood" has furnished writers for the stage with material for many pieces. It is a pretty, yet, withal, purely legendary, lay, which we are wont, however, to read to our children as though it were fact, and which, as Christmas comes and we see the robin redbreast hopping before the window in expectation of some charitable crumbs, we are sure to think of more or less. Rather singularly, just as we have had a foretaste of winter, when the fields and roads and trees have been snow-covered, there comes from the green glades of Devon a real "Babes in the Wood" story. Two children, one four, the other nine years old, left their Barnstaple home on Friday for school, and strayed into a wood. Here, we may suppose, after playing for awhile they grew tired and fright succeeded to weariness. Anyhow, they were lost in the wood. Their friends searched for them and found the little brothers lying on the grass, the eldest, says the report, quite exhausted with trying to carry home the dead body of his brother, who had fallen into a pond. The younger lad was pulled out of the water by his brother—alive, "because he spoke after he pulled him out." They were out in the open all Friday night: they were exposed to the rain, and the wind, and the cold—and the little one died. His brother made a gallant struggle to get him home, but his strength failed him; and so, in the frosty darkness of an October night, the little brother succumbed and perished in the greenwood. Is there in Devon some modern Herrick who will put the sad story upon record?

A few weeks ago we called attention in a note to the alarming increase in the number of emigrants from our shores. That paragraph had reference to adults. Since then—only, in fact, so recently as last week—there was an exodus of child emigrants from the Mersey. Miss Rye's labours in this direction deserve every possible recognition at the hands of the press, for that lady is devoting her life to the task of sending out emigrants and finding them something to do when they get abroad. Miss Rye has now taken out in the Montreal ocean steamship *Hibernian,* ninety-five persons, of whom sixty-eight were little girls and eight boys, all of them, with ten exceptions, orphans. Fifty of these little emigrants came from the Liverpool Industrial Schools, twenty-six from London, Bath, and our own Midland town of Wolverhampton, and they sailed for Quebec with happy hearts and cheerful faces. At Niagara Miss Rye has prepared for these little ones what she calls "Our Western Home"—a fitting and kindly designation for the future dwelling-place of these children, who will be kept there until they are fifteen, when they will go out to service carefully trained under Miss Rye's supervision. At the age of eighteen they become their own mistresses and will thenceforward have to look out for themselves. America now, as it has been for many years, is the favourite country for emigrants, and indeed there is something specially attractive about the New World to those who have tried and failed to establish a home in old England. The Western land is so wide that, in the words of an old, once popular song, "there's room enough for all" there, and as for the little emigrants who are now tossing about on the Atlantic, "between two continents," everybody who reads the narrative will remember them at morning and at night, and wish Miss Rye God-speed in her good work.

Mr. William Broadhead, whose name will go down to posterity as a principal actor in the fearful trade outrages at Sheffield some two years ago, has just made a fitting end to his career so far as Sheffield is concerned. On Friday evening Broadhead delivered a valedictory address to a large audience at the Pavilion Music Hall. He was "attired" says a local reporter, "in a faultless dress suit," he wore "black kid gloves," and "his irreproachable black effectively contrasted with the white cloth spread over the table behind which he stood to air his oratory. Supported by the usual candles and a decanter of water, Mr. Broadhead looked the *beau ideal* of smug respectability. By a stranger he might have been mistaken for a scientific lecturer, a teacher of pure morals, or a preacher of religion. Adjusting with the calm composure of an accustomed speaker the eye-glass which played so conspicuous a part when its owner was stretched on Mr. Overend's inquisitorial rack, William Broadhead, reading from a manuscript, said—" and so on. With consummate impudence, Broadhead stated his reasons for emigrating to America, criticised a local preacher, and lamented his hard fate at being prevented from working at his usual trade. "There was manifestly a bitter feeling displayed towards him down to the present time." The audience heard him out patiently, cheering him in some places, crying "hear, hear," in others, as though he were the saint he implied he was. Begging permission for "another word with regard to himself," Broadhead said he "did not mean to offer any excuse for what he had done. He only craved forgiveness for the past, assuring all that it was his desire to amend. . . . He should ever feel a most lively interest in the welfare and future prosperity of the good old town of Sheffield." We hope the people who listened to this man's "farewell," which he escaped by a miracle from pronouncing from a much more elevated position than the platform of a music hall, were not sincere in their manifestations of approval of Broadhead's remarks. If they were, they have forfeited for ever their title to the good-will of all honest men. *Apropos* of Broadhead's emigration to America, the *Iron Age* briefly recapitulates his doings, and remarks:—"We trust he will emigrate to some other country than this, as we do not think his presence here is at all desirable."

THE WORCESTER ENGINE WORKS.

In the full course of time we hope to present our readers with an illustrated history of all the leading manufactories in the Midland Counties. This week we introduce a more picturesque style of treatment in the full page engraving representing the manufacture of locomotive engines and railway bridges at Worcester. Whilst we direct the attention of our readers to the improvement of THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS generally, we venture to point out the advance which the Worcester trade page represents in the mode of dealing with this interesting and important feature of our new undertaking.

The Worcester Engine Works was called into existence chiefly through the medium of the Limited Liability Act, and, like many other concerns, has suffered through the panic which shook commercial England to its centre. Latterly, however, trade has improved, and, under energetic management, the Engine Works Company at Worcester is recovering itself, and will, we hope, yet see a great and prosperous future. That it should do so is of the utmost importance to the ancient city of Worcester. If appliances, facilities for work, excellence of situation, have anything to do with the prosperity of a concern, the Worcester Engine Works have all these essentials for successful competition with other establishments. A handsome, substantial building, constructed under the supervision of Mr. Edward Wilson, an engineer of great eminence, the factory is situated on the main line of railway near Shrub Hill station at Worcester. The railway runs into the works, the yards and buildings of which are intersected by one mile and 680 yards of rails. Our vignette of the foundry shows the railway communication, with one of the company's own engines conveying trucks to the main lines of the Great Western and Midland. Running through the yard in which our artist has depicted bridge and girder making, is the Worcester and Birmingham Canal—another advantage in the way of transit.

Commencing our tour of the works, we begin at the drawing office, a handsome, well-lighted room, well occupied, too, with draughtsmen engaged upon their minute labours. Our artist, who dashed off a Russian engine in ten minutes, congratulated himself that he had not to prove and examine his details with square, compass, and minute calculations such as those which are apparent in every drawing that covers the desks of this department. To the pattern shop we go next. This is a building 143 feet long by 45 feet wide, and here are made the patterns for the iron and brass foundry, a work which maintains generally from 20 to 25 hands. They are assisted by the swarthy handmaiden Steam. She pervades the whole place, and in this department turns, at the will of the director, lathes, circular saws, and other wood-cutting implements. From this shop the patterns go to the foundry, which is covered by a roof of two spans, measuring together 85 feet. Here are two cupolas, with stoves for drying the "cores," &c.

Casting for locomotives is an important matter, and the manager seems to have devoted special attention to this department. We give a view of the foundry sketched from the yard. At some future day we hope to give an interior foundry scene when the furnaces are being tapped.

Leaving the foundry we came to the heavy forge and sheet shop, a building open on both sides. It is 150 ft. long by 120 ft. broad. The roof is supported by iron columns and roofed over in three spans with glass in iron-wrought frames. Here are two furnaces and three of Nasmyth's wonderful hammers. "Scrap" is worked up here, and it is a surprising thing to see what can be done with these chips and blocks and fragments of metal. The heavy tools here are of the latest kind, and include that remarkably handsome machine which turns two wheels at a time, even up to the largest of engine wheels. One gets accustomed to the Nasmyth. You see it everywhere, but rarely have the opportunity of witnessing the working of these great iron wheel turners. By the way there is an economical arrangement at the Worcester Engine Works worth noting. The heat from the various fires instead of going to waste up the various flues is converted and made to drive the steam hammers. From the heavy forge and wheel shop to the forge proper you cross the yard depicted in our sketch of the foundry, and here you find the village blacksmith multiplied forty-fold, and in possession of innumerable fires, and various steam tools. It is a handsome and imposing shop this, and we cannot help being struck as we were at Oldbury the other day with the fine stalwart proportions of the smiths and strikers. The heavy tool shop is close by, busy with men, and noisy with flying shafts and wheels. Here are several three-wheel lathes, crank-turning lathes, sliding lathes, drilling machines, heavy slotting machines, and gigantic planing machines. Messrs. Clayton and Shuttleworth, of Lincoln, have some fine machinery of this kind, but we think theirs is surpassed in this remarkable department. The planing machines in particular are of the most perfect fashion. The principal part of the work in this department is the construction of wheels for locomotives—at this present writing chiefly Russian locomotives, for which there is a large order on hand. "Framing," to use the technical term, is also here carried on —i. e. making sides for the engines; the machinery being kept going by small wall-engines, which have this recommendation—that one department of the works can thus be in full action without the necessity of work going on elsewhere. In many establishments one or two engines drive the whole of the machinery; here the various tools may be said to be driven in detachments, which is a great saving of expense, and in every way convenient. But let us cry "a halt!" for the curious reader who wishes to make himself acquainted with what he reads has —let him deny it, if he can—been bursting with impatience to know the meaning of a "slotting" machine—at the very least, what it can do; and answering the querist briefly—studiously avoiding circumlocution—the capabilities of this machine may be thus summed up: *a slotting-machine cuts through, say, four steel plates of some five inches thickness in the aggregate* with a celerity that shows it is thoroughly used to its work! Philosophers—no matter of what rank, age, station, or cline, from Socrates to Tupper inclusive—have never, to our knowledge, disputed the theory, matchless for its charming simplicity, unequalled for its delightful accuracy, that "the horse is a noble animal;" nor will it, we presume, be denied that "the slotting-machine is a wonderful machine," that, in fact, it "licks" (the gentle reader will excuse the phrase—custom and poor Artemus Ward sanctioned its use) all other machines into an infinity of cocked hats. Curved and straight lines are all one to this monster, which works all the more efficiently for making scarcely any noise—gliding through the metal-plates with a silent gracefulness that is only conspicuous by its absence in many other machines; a fact to which those who reside in the neighbourhood of Shrub-hill and are troubled with wakefulness at night will bear cheerful and willing testimony, if necessary. The sum represented by this single machine is upwards of £1,000, or to be exact, £1,035; and we need not say that it is held in high estimation at the works where it is in use. A step further on, and we found the men busy turning steel crank and iron axles; and attention was directed to a crank-lathe by means of which seven tools are worked simultaneously; while in another part of the shop, wheels for the Metropolitan Railway—that wonder of modern civilization—were being made. All the resources of modern science appear to be brought into play at these works—not the least remarkable being the ease with which the rough surfaces of the castings are removed with the assistance of the planing-machines, one of which was at work upon a trifling plate weighing about five tons.

From thence to the coppersmith's shop is but a step; and here we see the construction of engine-pipes, locomotive mountings, and the other ornamental work bestowed about engines. At the adjoining brass foundry are made all the brass castings—the moulds being fashioned similar to those we had seen in the iron foundry. For melting brass there are seven furnaces, capable together of turning out upwards of a ton weight of finished brass castings a week. Proceeding with the description of the place as we were conducted through it, we come to the stores, where all the materials but the scrap iron are kept—efficient arrangements being, of course, adopted to prevent any misappropriation of the goods; a large rack contains some hundreds of tons of various kinds of iron and steel, the sorts comprising the stock being labelled with their quality—"Stafford," "best Stafford," "Low Moor," &c.

Of the 700 to 1000 men which the works employ when in full operation, about one-sixth are engaged in the machine and fitting-shop; comprising fitters, erectors, smiths, forgemen, pattern-makers, moulders, and sundry other classes, including boiler-smiths. We have now arrived at one of the busiest scenes to be met with in the whole range of the works—the machine-shop indicated in our vignette, and only indicated, for it is an apartment 125 feet long and 90 feet in width, lofty, and so full of machinery that the greatest care seems necessary to enable one to move about securely. Down the outside of the shop are two rows of turning-lathes; the centre contains a large fitting-bench; and about the place are disposed ten drilling-machines. The shop seems a net-work of machinery; bands cross and recross each other, running their endless course all day and sometimes all night as well, when the pressure of work is such as to render that contingency inevitable; there is a subdued hum of many voices—we say subdued, for nobody appears to have time or inclination to say much to his neighbour, who in turn works on as though the arrangement was well understood and perfectly satisfactory; you step over enormous pieces of iron, some to be twisted and turned and cut and planed to every conceivable shape; wheels spin round with a velocity which takes one's breath away; and the visitor may well be excused for thinking that at length the philosopher's stone is found, and that perpetual motion is realised at the Worcester Engine Works.

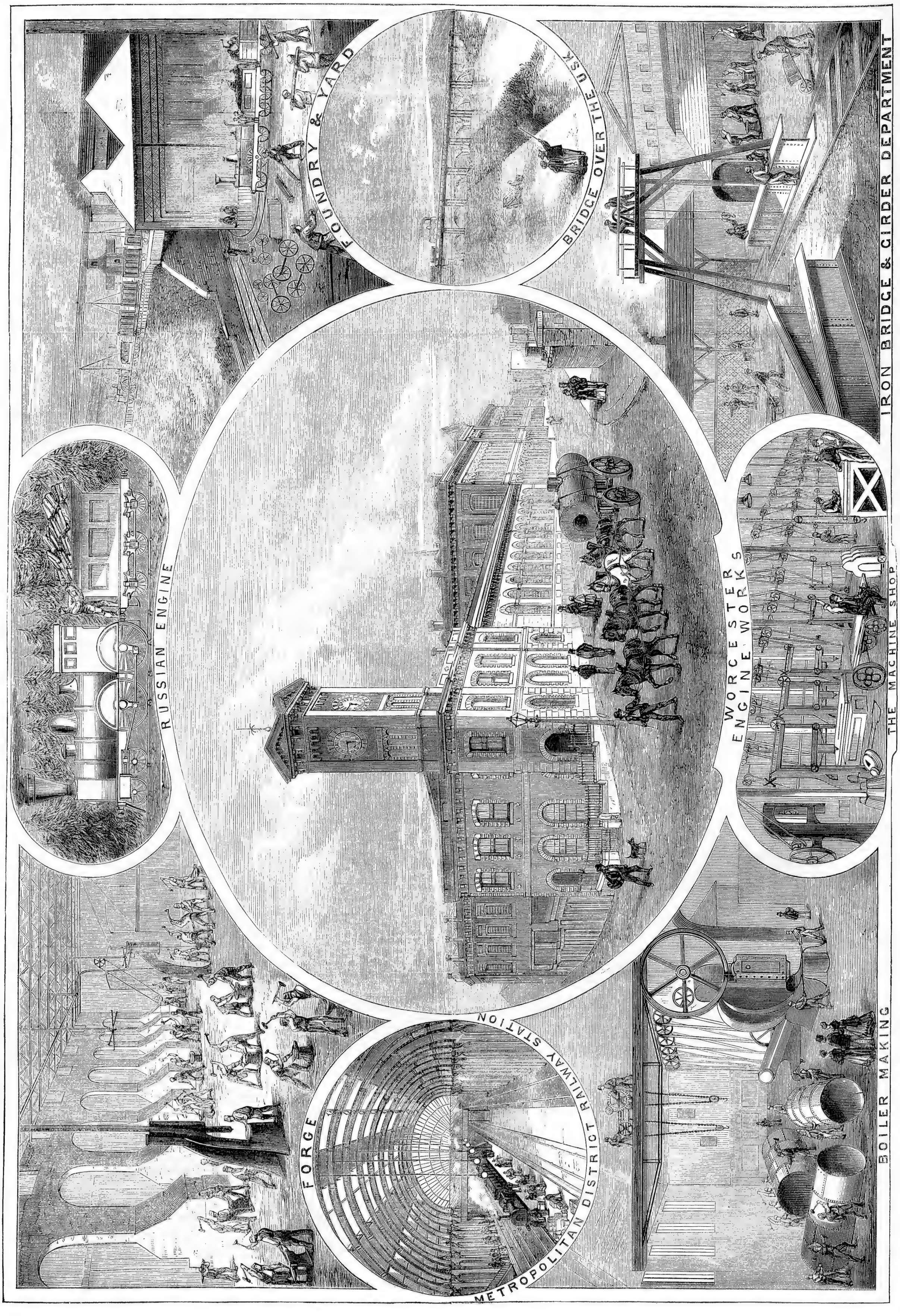
We come next to the boiler-shop, where an incessant rattle of driving rivets home is kept up. Sundry boilers are in course of manufacture, and a couple of engine-tenders are awaiting the finishing strokes. Our artist has sketched this department, which contains a familiar object at these works, a travelling crane. The boiler-shop is 240 feet by 40. Passing from this department through a tunnel underneath the high-road leading from Worcester to the railway station, we come to the scene partially shown in our small picture of railway bridge making. This is a spacious yard opening upon the canal, and flanked on the opposite side by a long row of smiths' shops. There is every possible appliance here for the manufacture of bridges and girders. It was here that the Usk Viaduct shown in our illustration was made; it was here that the bridges for the Glasgow Union Railway were manufactured, including the iron bridge which spans the Clyde at Glasgow. The iron girders which support the New Market at Smithfield were also made in this yard: to say nothing of the roofs of the Metropolitan Railway stations, one of which is included in our pictures.

During their comparatively short career it will be seen that these Works have made a lasting mark in the history of manufactures. The Company has constructed a large number of those magnificent engines which run upon the Metropolitan Railway. Forty engines on the Great Eastern are also from this establishment. The Directors have received special commendation for a lot of targets which they made for the Indian Government. In fixed engines their latest work was the manufacture of the machinery for the Worcester Waterworks Company; in foreign countries they are going further afield, being occupied at the present time with a large order for Russia. We engrave an example of this peculiar-looking locomotive, with its tender piled with wood. It rarely strikes the ordinary traveling Englishman abroad that many of the strange things he sees are made in his own country; if it did, by the way, he would buy less Birmingham goods in Paris, and more at home.

The chairman of the directors of this company is Mr. A. C. Sherriff, M.P., who has lately succeeded to the chair of the Oldbury Carriage Works. The managing director is Mr. T. Rudd; and the chief engineer is Mr. Alexander, who built the famous bridge across the St. Lawrence. Through these Works, Worcester, once only celebrated for its porcelain, may now fairly claim a reputation for locomotives and railway bridges.

Our illustration of the Usk viaduct is from a photograph by Mr. J. Laing, Shrewsbury.

(SEE PRECEDING PAGE).


FOUNDRY & YARD
BRIDGE OVER THE USK
IRON BRIDGE & GIRDER DEPARTMENT
RUSSIAN ENGINE
WORCESTER ENGINE WORKS
THE MACHINE SHOP
FORGE
METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY STATION
BOILER MAKING

ALNWICK CASTLE.

In these degenerate days we are too apt, unless our attention is occasionally called to the relics of the past in England, to forget the chivalrous deeds of our ancestors, and the famous historical places that still remain to take us back to "the brave days of old." Of these memories of ancient England not one possesses greater interest than Alnwick Castle, of which we give two Illustrations in this page. Built on the southern summit of the bank of the Aln, the castle, which is the baronial residence of the Northumberlands, is walled round with fortifications, defended by sixteen towers, and divided into large courtyards, having the keep in their midst. A very graphic account of the castle recently appeared in the *Times*, from a correspondent ("Alpha") who has been furnishing the leading journal with sketches during the autumn holiday. In some introductory remarks, the writer reminds us that it was from Alnwick that Hotspur sallied forth to encounter the marauding force which, under Douglas, had laid waste with fire and sword the north of England to the gates of York; and almost within sight of Alnwick, to the south, is the field of Otterburn, renowned in song, where Douglas fell by Hotspur's own hand, though the English lost the day and Hotspur himself was taken prisoner. Those who are acquainted with the ballad history of our country will remember that the famous Battle of Otterburn was fought "about the Lammas-tide," and that Douglas haying "burned the dales of Tyne, and part of Bambroughshire," challenged Percy, who was at Alnwick, to come to Otterburn within three days from the issue of the challenge.

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

Douglas's "little page" bade his noble master awake, "For Percy's hard at hand."

The old balladist continues:

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swashed their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broadsword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

At Douglas's request, Percy

"——hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see."

The Scotsmen slew "many a gallant Englishman" that day; but before the fight was over Percy and Sir Hugh Montgomery (a relative of Douglas) met.

"Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!" he said,
"Or else I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
"Sin' I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows on the lilye lee!"

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Montgomery, if he were here."

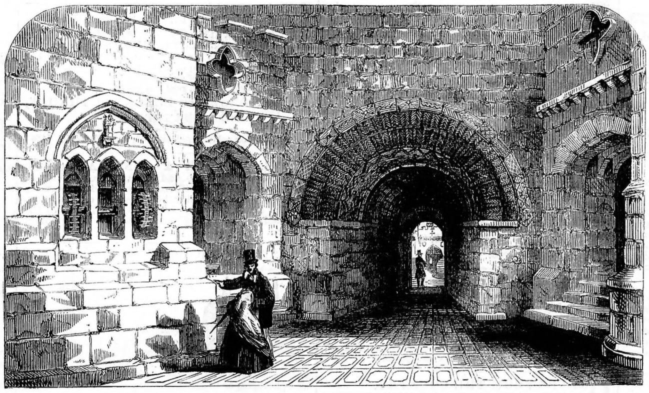
As soon as he knew 'twas Montgomery,
He stuck his sword in the grounde;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the hande.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
At the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

It was from the battlements of Alnwick Castle that the Countess, according to the poetic legend, watched "the stout Earl of Northumberland" set forth

"His pleasure in the Scottish woods
"Three summer days to take,"

—a pleasure-trip from which he was never to return. Indeed, the history of this neighbourhood was once nothing more than an eternal see-saw of victories and reverses.

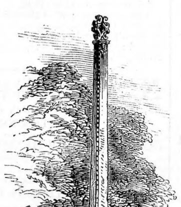

ALNWICK CASTLE.—OLD GATEWAY.

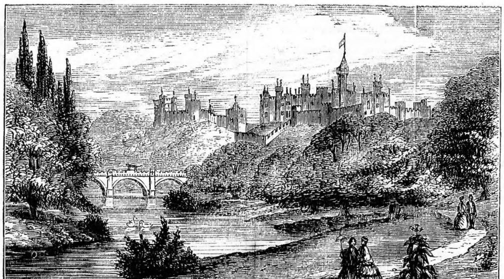
The Percies have held the castle for nearly six hundred years. The castle passed into their hands in 1309, but the present structure, or rather the more ancient portions of it, was built by one of the De Vesci family about a century and a half before that date. Still further back in history it must have been a strongly fortified place, since it withstood a siege by the Scottish King; and by some of its earliest origin as a fortification is traced to Saxon and even Roman times. Antiquarians still detect in its curtain walls evidences of the De Vesci period; but, as it now stands, it is believed to be almost entirely the work of the Percies, and is divisible, roughly, into two portions—that built soon after they came into possession, and that built only a few years ago by Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland. The castle was rebuilt in the last century; but the fourth Duke of Northumberland began the work of restoration over again in 1854, spending many hundreds of thousands on the task. Nevertheless, the ancient parts are naturally the more interesting. Of these the first in order, and perhaps in importance, is the Barbican, or principal entrance from the town, a huge tower of enormous thickness and strength, once protected by no less than three massive iron-studded gates, the places for which are still to be seen in its walls. Its battlements are quaintly ornamented by stone figures of armed men represented in the act of hurling down weapons upon the heads of imaginary invaders. This ornamentation is used largely in other parts of the castle, and on the whole with good effect, being both suggestive and animated, though the illusion is spoiled by the unreal posing and dressing of the figures. Among the more remarkable of the ancient portions of the castle are the Abbot's Tower, built by the first Percy; the Octagonal Towers, built by the second, and adorned with a succession of carved heraldic shields describing the marriage alliances of his family; the Constable's Tower, considered an unusually fine specimen of mediæval military architecture, with looped walls of immense thickness; and the Sallyport, or Postern Tower. Two curious relics of the olden times are a garret, called "Hotspur's Chair," and a place with the suggestive title of the "Bloody Gap," where tradition declares that a party of Scots contrived to find their way into the castle, but were given no chance of ever again finding the way out. The top of the old draw-well is still preserved as a curiosity in its original place; and the Prison and Dungeon are also (says "Alpha") I believe, in position and construction now what they always were, and "dead men" are probably still to be found occasionally in the former, as it adjoins the cellar. The Dungeon is a horrible hole under ground, dark as night, and with no ventilation but through an iron trap-door. The humane Englishman instinctively hopes, as he peers down its gloomy jaws, that none but Scots were ever locked up in such a chamber of horrors.

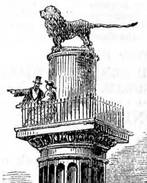
The interior has not the peculiar interest or novelty that attaches to the exterior. It is furnished in accordance with the latest requirements of luxury and convenience; there is an elaborate finish of detail—you see exquisite carving, rich interlaying, and graceful moulding wherever your eyes turn; and a splendid kitchen with lofty roof of intersecting arches, and deep mullioned windows. "In this mighty temple, I am told, dinner enough has been cooked for over 600 Northumbrian stomachs, and in the crypt below, where the steam generating boilers and hydraulic engines are placed, are stowed away every season, it is said, 300 tons of coal. Lest I lose myself utterly in these vast and enticing regions let me hasten to conclude my letter. I should have liked to say something about Alnwick itself, which is full of interest, but it is completely overshadowed and eclipsed by its mighty castle, which, by the courtesy of the duke, is thrown open to visitors when the family are away. Even when they are at home admission to the pleasure-grounds and outer parts of the castle can easily be obtained, but the interior is closed, for the very simple reason that it is lived in by the family and is in constant use. I mention this because tourists occassionally go out of their way to see Alnwick without inquiring whether the family are at home, and then feel horribly injured at not being allowed to go all over the castle. I was told at my inn that these complaints are frequently made. It is, certainly, amusing to find Britons, who would be the loudest in maintaining the great constitutional doctrine that an Englishman's house is his castle, virtuously indignant because he considers his castle his house."

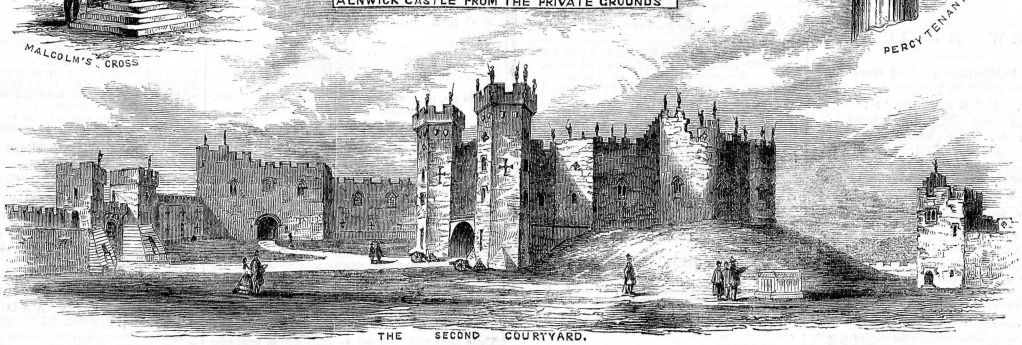
THE HITCHMAN MEMORIAL, LEAMINGTON.

On Thursday, October 28th, the Memorial Fountain which has just been erected at Leamington to the memory of the late John Hitchman, M.R.C.S., was formally given over to the trustees of the Jephson Gardens, Leamington, by the committee of the memorial fund. The late Mr. Hitchman took a warm interest in the progress of Leamington, and occupied a public position in conducting the affairs of the town. Mainly through his endeavours the walks and streets were planted with trees, and the town beautified in every possible way. To the general public he was known as the proprietor of the Arboretum Hydropathic establishment, to which he devoted the last years of his life, and died just as it became a success. His last public act was the promotion of the sewage congress, with a view to discuss the best method of disposing of town sewage—a subject in which Mr. Hitchman took great interest. He died on the 3rd of March, 1857, and his friends took measures to erect a memorial fountain to his memory. A large sum was subscribed, and architects were invited to send suitable designs for competition. From the thirty designs sent in that of Mr. John Cundall was selected. Mr. J. B. Stanley received a honorarium for the next meritorious design. Mr. Cundall's design is shown in our engraving; it consists of a central column of Peterhead granite rising from a stone basin and pediment supported by four buttresses. A large tazza rests on the granite pillar, and above a series of clustered marble pillars support a smaller cup and the terminal pinnacle, which is crowned by an ornamental jet. The design is well conceived, but the lower basin is cramped and the buttresses in consequence dwarfed. It is erected on the site of a house recently pulled down in the Jephson Gardens, fronting the road and opposite the pump rooms. Our view is taken from the gardens. The proceedings of Thursday were of an interesting, though purely formal, character. It is but right to add that the work has been skilfully and tastefully executed by Mr. Price, of Leamington.


MALCOLM'S CROSS


ALNWICK CASTLE FROM THE PRIVATE GROUNDS


PERCY TENANTRY COLUMN


THE SECOND COURTYARD.

It is rumoured that Sir John Simeon is to be raised to the peerage. A vacancy will arise in the representation of the Isle of Wight should this prove true, and the only English Catholic who has a seat in the House of Commons will thus cease to belong to that assembly.

It was stated by Sir James Simpson on Tuesday, when receiving the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, that, among the manufactories of chloroform in Great Britain, a single one of these located in Edinburgh makes as many as 8,000 doses a day, or between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 of doses every year.—*British Medical Journal.*

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On Wednesday Evening the first part of programme will consist of a Selection from Handel's Oratorio, "MESSIAH," and the second part Miscellaneous.

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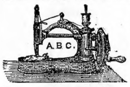

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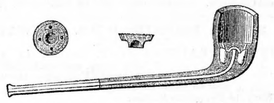

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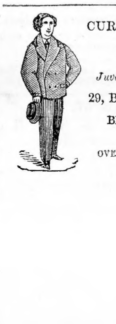

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